THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Historical Society o

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1927.

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The Charles Thompson farm, 3 miles from Napanee, on the Provincial Highway, Deseronto Road, good buildings, well watered, finest soil for garden purposes, 140 acres. Enquire for price and terms.

The Walter Woodcock farm, about three miles west of Napanee, on Belleville Road. 100 acres, nicely located, good water, good buildings, creek in pasture.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

FOR SALE—1 bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP. 46-a

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO RENT —On Centre street. All modern conveniences, possession November 1st. Apply to BLAKE HUYCK, Bridge street. 45-cp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Farmers may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

EARN $25 WEEKLY up at home clipping newspapers and addressing envelopes. No canvassing. Everything furnished, spare or full time. Particulars for stamp. GILLIES MAILING SERVICE, Box 1, Sydney, N.S. 46-bp

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all conveniences, square plan, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large plot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

FARM FOR SALE—35 acres, 2nd concession South Fredericksburgh, good house and barn, pig pen and hen house, well at house and well at barn, never failing spring in pasture, ten acres summer fallow sown with fall wheat. Apply to WM. McCRUDDEN, Napanee, Ont., R. R. No. 2. 45-b

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Miss Ward.

Finger Wave Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle.....75c.
Shampoo.....50c.
Hair Cut.....35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

Haste and Speed.

No one should remain ignorant of the fundamental distinction between haste and speed, because this distinction has a personal as well as a material application. Hasty folk, as a rule, are unfit folk. The more hurry the less health, writes the medical correspondent of the Times Trade and Engineering Supplement of London, England.

Haste, in other words, is a form of restlessness which, again, is an expression of exhaustion. In the majority of instances the "human volcano" is only a tired man in a tantrum. He makes up for lack of energy by abundance of hysterics.

Efficiency, in men as in machinery, is silent.

"The reason for this is quite simple. In men, as in machinery, "rattle" represents wasted power.

DEANERY LADIES OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Stella, Oct. 7.—The Deanery meeting of the Rural Deanery of Lennox and Addington was opened in St. Alban's Church, Stella, on Tuesday morning, October 4th, with a celebration of the Holy Communion by Rural Dean, C. E. S. Radcliffe, of Deseronto, was celebrant, assisted by the Rector, Rev. Thomas Leech. Archdeacon A. Boston of Tamworth, Preached a very impressive and helpful sermon. Others clergymen present were Rev. A. Strother of Adolphustown, and Rev. H. Pringle, of Tyendinaga. Regrets on not being able to be present were received from Rev. R. J. Drumbrille, of Napanee; Rev. W. G. Swayne, of Bath; and Rev. R. W. Spencer, of Camden East.

After the service the delegates numbering about seventy-five proceeded to Victoria Hall, where luncheon was served by the ladies of Amherst Island parish.

The business meeting opened at 2 p.m. in the town hall, Mrs. E. C. Abbott, 1st vice-president of the Diocesan Board presiding. Other board members present were: Miss E. Hendrie, Mrs. E. Van Straubenzie, Mrs. J. S. Sibbit, and Miss Winifred Burne. The meeting was opened with W. A. men's prayer said in unison.

A cordial invitation was extended to Sandhurst branch at the next deanery meeting at Sandhurst.

Mrs. Thomas Leech extended a warm welcome to the visiting delegates. This was responded to by Mrs. A. Strother, of Adolphustown.

Mrs. C. E. S. Radcliffe, of Deseronto, was re-elected deanery secretary.

Reports of their year's work were read from the different branches in the deanery.

In a very interesting short address, Miss Van Straubenzie spoke of the overwhelming, overpowering need of missionary work in every known part of the world.

Miss Burns, diocesan treasurer, gave a short address on the financial part of the work. The collections from the service in the morning and afternoon business session amounted to $31.75. The meeting was a most helpful one and one of the best held in the deanery.

Radio!

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

AUCTION SALE.

I have received instructions from the undersigned to sell by Public Auction at his residence in Napanee, on Saturday, October 15th, 1927, at 12 o'clock, sharp, the following:

2 No. 4 Spreaders, No. 3 Spreader, Disc Harrow, 12 plate, Lumber Wagon, 13-tooth Cultivator, 3 No. 8 National Gang Plows, Cockshutt Kid Gang, No. 2 Frost & Wood Gangs, Massey-Harris Binder, 6-ft., Deering Binder, 6-ft., Massey-Harris Binder, 5-ft., Perrin Gang, B.C., Buzzy, Half set Light Cutter (nearly new) Cutter, Spring Wagon, Heavy platform Spring Wagon, 5-ft. Mower, New York Feeder, 2 general purpose Mares, 6 Horse Blankets, Wheelbarrow, Shoe Drill, 11 run, Hoe Drill, 10 runs, Four heavy Set Harrows, Harris 10-ft. Rake, Deering 10-ft. Rake, Binder Forecarriage, Coal Heater, Quebec Heater, Wood Stove, quantity of Household Goods, namely: 3 Rugs, 2 Congoleum Rugs, Bedroom Suite, Universal Bread Mixer, 3 Step-ladders And other articles too numerous to mention. Everything will be sold without reserve, as the farmer is giving up business in Napanee.

Terms of Sale: $25 and under cash; over that amount 6 months' credit on approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent.

JNO. ROBINSON, Owner.

H. W. GALLAGHER, Auctioneer

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Attractive Stage Pictures

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Positively no waiting between scenes.

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See your talent at their best, under expert direction.

Armouries

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Reserved Seats, 75c.

Rush: Adults, 50c. Children 25c.

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ANNUAL CONVENTION

The annual convention of the sectional division for this district of the Women's Missionary Society was held in Grace United Church Wednesday morning, sessions also being held in the afternoon and evening.

The county is divided into two districts, the one meeting Wednesday being comprised of Grace Church, Napanee, Deseronto, and the southern portion of the county. The chair was occupied by the first vice-president, Mrs. Geo. I. Perry, of Morven, and greeting from the Missionary Society of Grace Church were ably given by Mrs. James Stalker.

Among the items of business at the morning session were the reports of the several auxiliaries, Mission Cicles and Mission Bands which were interspersed with a vocal solo by Mrs. Harold Hagerman and a very interesting paper on "Echoes of the Mission Band" by Mrs. Parks, of Gretna.

The noon hour was largely attended and at its conclusion a splendid dinner was served in the Sunday School room by the ladies of the local Auxiliary.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session opened at one-thirty and after the minutes of the morning session had been read, Mrs. W. A. Wright replied very fittingly replied to the greetings which had been presented at the morning session. The music for the afternoon consisted of a well-rendered vocal solo by Mrs. John Wilson and a chorus by the Mission Band of Grace Church. A splendid exercise was also given by the Wilton Auxiliary.

The session was honored in having for its guests Miss Virgo, returned missionary from China, and Mrs. Dzin, native Chinese lady teacher. Miss Virgo gave a very interesting address on the missionary work in China and also acted as interpreter for Mrs. Dzin.

EVENING SESSION.

At the evening session the auditorium of the church was well filled, the chair being taken by Mrs. Perry. The opening exercises were in charge of the pastor, Rev. W. P. Woodger, and after a well rendered anthem, by the choir, Miss Virgo gave another very interesting address.

The speaker detailed many exciting moments in her journey when leaving China for Canada, owing to the war-like activities of the Eastern country a few months ago. Over two hundred from the Mission were brought safely to the interior in the mountains with no untoward incident of any kind, despite the many dangers on every hand.

A selection was then given by a number of membegs of the Mission Circle of Grace Church.

Mrs. Dzin was introduced to the audience, and through Miss Virgo as interpreter, gave a graphic description of the missionary work and home life in her native country. The speaker said that the Christian people of Canada had made many sacrifices in sending the Gospel to the Eastern countries and notwithstanding the many reverses in the past the missionary cause would eventually triumph.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the visiting speakers on this occasion. Mrs. Meddis and Miss Emma VanAlstyne and unanimously carried after which the most successful convention was brought to a close.

HAYBURN.

The recent change of weather brings to our minds those words of Campbell's:

"Bright, pallid, changing chill
October morn,
Across your windy, keen, exhilarating air.
You loom, a cameo dream, a vision fair."

A number from here attended the anniversary services held at Sillsville Sunday last. Rev. Neal, of Wooler, was minister on this occasion. We are anticipating with pleasure our own anniversary Sunday, two weeks hence, Oct. 23rd.

Mr. H. J. Brethen, of Trenton, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Jas. Rikley.

Misses Eleanor Sills and Kathleen Dickson, of the N.C.I., spent the week-end at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Howitson are moving to Napanee, where in the future they will reside.

Mr. Jay Loyst and son, Stewart, were Sunday evening callers at Mr. H. Jull's.

Hunting and fishing are very much the order of the day, as is shown by the recent arrival of several American hounds.

Misses Doris Rikley and Annabella Dickson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Parks, Hay Bay, Monday evening, the occasion being a birthday party.

Miss Jean Magee, Chicago, has returned after spending a two weeks' vacation with her parents here. Before her departure, her many friends presented her with a French clock, bouloir clock, jewel case and calendar as a slight token of the esteem in which she is held.

Hayburn Ladies' Aid met at the church last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Sharp attended the funeral of the late John Pringle, Belleville, on Monday last.

Miss Sarah Carroll, Oswego, N. Y., is renewing acquaintances in this neighborhood.

Miss B. Bushfield expects to spend the coming Friday till Monday recess at her home near Belleville.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Oct. 4th, 1927.

Council met in Selby. Members all present, the Reeve presiding.

Minutes of last session were read and approved.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that John E. Hudgins' pay sheet No. 7, for September, amounting to $759.23, be paid and cheques be issued to various names on pay sheet. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the Ontario Bridge Co. receive $71.74 for reinforcement steel for bridges. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that E. Jordan receive the sum of $26.00 for two lambs killed by dog or dogs as certified by J. W. Brandon and Thomas Smallwood. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the township give a grant of $15.00 toward the plowing match to be held at the Hunter farm on Oct. 20th. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the following accounts be paid:

John McGiffin, bonus on 32 rods wire fence, $8.00; Hayes, bonus on 110 rods wire fence, $2.50; Frederick Webb, bonus on 55 rods wire fence, $13.75. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet on Monday, Nv. 7th, 1927.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

WILTON.

A large number from ere attended the anniversary services held in Odessa on Sunday last and were delighted to hear their former pastor, Rev. S. F. Dixon.

Mrs. Metzler and her daughter, Mrs. McClennan, of Toronto, have returned home after visiting friends in this vicinity for the past two weeks.

A number of the ladies attended the Ladies' Aid convention at Enterprise and the W. M. S. convention at Napanee, and report a grand success at each.

Mrs. Stuart Simmons, Rev. Mrs. Moffett and Mrs. Taylor, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday afternoon and evening the guests of Mrs. Archie Simmons.

Mrs. Taylor, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Moffett.

Mr. William Lapum was removed to the General Hospital on Wednesday. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Gladys Richardson spent a few days the guest of Mrs. S. Carr.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ODESSA.

The gate receipts together with the money realized from the ice-cream and dance Saturday night the total for the Odessa Fair to nearly $800.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins, of Kingston, spent the week-end with th latter's mother, Mrs. Geo. Watts.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Huffman, of Moscow, spent Thursday and Friday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atkinson.

Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, of Rednersville, spent last week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Mr. Chas. Kilgannon has returned from spending two weeks with her daughters, Mrs. Moore an Mrs. Armstrong, Watertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamm and daughter, Hope, are visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Reuben Vrooman and Miss Lizzie Lawlor are visiting friends in Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McConnell have gone to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. William Clark, Kingston.

Mrs. Tooley, of Kingston, recently purchased the Miles Smith home.

A baby girl has come to board with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Giddy.

LEAF CUTTER BEE.

Uses "Scissors" to Cut Pieces of Rose Leaf for Worthy Purpose.

If you have ever noticed a rose leaf with a cleanly cut circular or oval hole at the edge, you have seen a sample of the neat snipping done by Madame Megachile, the bee's sheers. She carries them in her mouth. They are, in fact, her "mandibles" or upper jaws.

She cuts the pieces of rose leaf for a most worthy purpose—to make the lining of her babies' cradle. She has already made the cradle itself by excavating a deep hole (with these same useful jaws) in an old post or dead tree trunk. This labor done, the cavity must be upholstered—and mains is no longer red-gold, but an ordinary shade. She is a pretty girl still, but just like millions of others. Before she cut her hair she would have been noticed anywhere for her distinction.

there she alights upon a leaf, and, fixing herself upon the edge, holds it with three legs on each surface; then, using her mandibles as the cutter of silhouettes would his scissors, she walks in a perfect curve, expands her wings as the last snip, and carries off the disc of leaf, still held between her feet.

It, and many more, will be bent into the hole in the post, until a row of thimble-shaped cells is formed, each containing an egg, and stocked with honey-and-pollen food for the infant larva that will emerge later as a perfect bee.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

A grand old man, Rt. Rev. Bishop J. Taylor-Smith, D.D., D. S. O., K.C.B., Chaplain-General of the British forces during the Great War, is visiting Canada, and, not content with speaking to the men whom he met in France and Flanders, as well as in the Near East or in the English camps, he has been giving addresses to women. A good woman is to him a beautiful woman. He referred to the saying, "God made your features, but you make your countenance." To him motherhood seems the greatest blessing and he condemns with no uncertain voice those who in any way treat it lightly. The responsibility of parents to children is forced home fearlessly by Bishop Taylor-Smith. He declares that it is the right of the parents to tell the child the necessary knowledge with which to face the pitfalls of life. "It was pitiful," he said, "to hear young lads in the army say that one had never told the dangers that lay before them. The wise, kind old man is received by crowds everywhere and speaks not only to one of those of the flock of which he is one of the chief pastors, but to all those who come to hear and see the man who was the friend and comforter of many a lonely Canadian lad on the field of action or in hospital wards. In his vast congregations are clergy of various communions, soldiers of the Great War coming to hear his eloquent message and kindly voice again; mothers to whom he sent messages of sympathy and to whom he ministered when they were far from home; Salvation Army men and women who worked side by side with the "padre" at the front, and University professors and business men who came to listen to the man who preached the love of God, and yet could hit out from the shoulder at the evils that have grown up in a world that God made and called "very good."

If you weigh more than you want to, cut out some of the starchy foods, eat fruit, especially smoked fruit, and take plenty of exercise, out of doors when possible. But don't starve yourself unless you want to get ill and look ten years older than the family Bible says you are. It is not food, but the wrong kind of food eaten in unnecessarily large quantities that makes you so stout. Brown bread is better than white and anything that is not too much cooked contains more nourishment and for that reason a smaller quantity will give you the feeling of repletion. Doctors say most people eat too much. Perhaps they do, but often it is too many sweets and too many meals in the day that is responsible for over weight.

The country is glorious just now. If you are fortunate enough to live where you can see the woods in the first dress they donned at the first light touch of Jack Frost, you have a panorama before your eyes that excels in bauty all the screen pictures ever produced. And if you live in the town, even if you haven't a motor car, there will be the trees in the streets and parks and somewhere you can go to get a glimpse of the yearly beauty that comes to us in the northland. But if you have a car do fill up the tank and take the little woman next door, who longs to get out in the country would love a drive! And if you live in the country think of the neighbors who haven't been able to get a car yet, because they are wisely thinking of all the children they keep at home, and take some of them to town the next time you go in. They will love it and you will too, for the wistful person who drives along in a half empty car would just try how it would feel to give pleasure to others, they would experience a new and lovely thrill when they see the pleasure they have given. Let your slogan be "Drive carefully and fill up the back seat."

How confusing the reports we hear every now and then about the bobbed or shingled heads of the papers say "there is not a long hair in Paris." And we make up our mind to rush to the barber, if by any chance we have not already visited him. Then we pick up another paper and we see a picture of a charming girl in a pretty hat and in the underline we read, "One of the many long-haired beauties on the English stage." Some of us feel that long-haired women have been too much of a slave to doing as others do in the matter of hairdressing. There no doubt that people look much more charming with short hair, and for them the fashion is a happy one. But it is equally true that other women loose all their distinction when they lose their hair. We can think of one tall girl with a quantity of pale wood-violet hair who wore in a coronta. It is beautiful hair and what remains is no longer red-gold, but an ordinary shade. She is a pretty girl still, but just like millions of others. Before she cut her hair she would have been noticed anywhere for her distinction.

Grapes are here now and for those who like fermented wine here is an excellent recipe, for which wild grapes are best. Ten pounds of freshly picked ripe grapes. Place them in a stone jar and pour over them three quarts of pure water. When cool squeeze them thoroughly with the hand or a wooden pounder. Let stand for three days in a warm place with a cloth, not the cover, over the jar. Squeeze them through a jelly bag and add five pounds of sugar. Let them remain a week longer, take off he scum, strain and bottle, leaving the cork in loosely until the fermenting is quite over. Keep in a cool place.

CAMDEN EAST.

The Ladies' Aid of Camden East United Church held their October meeting on Tuesday, 4th inst., at the home of Mrs. D. K. Saul. There was an attendance of sixteen members and two visitors. The president, Mrs. D. K. Saul, was in the chair. The meeting was opened with the singing of hymn No. 123, after which the Lord's Prayer was read in unison.

The president read the 23rd psalm and the minutes were then read by Miss G. Gallagher and approved.

It was decided to hold a masquerade party on Hallowe'en night in the United Church hall.

Mrs. D. K. Saul thanked the ladies on behalf of Miss Jessie Saul, for the beautiful flowers sent her during her illness at the Kingston General Hospital.

Following the roll call the collection was then received and the meeting was closed with the singing of hymn 109.

Lunch was afterwards served by the hostess.

STELLA.

The farmers gladly welcomed the recent heavy rains in Autumn that they may be able to do their fall ploughing.

The employees of the Perry Telephone System, of Napanee, have completed the Island branch, and have taken their departure. About one hundred phones are connected up on the Island at present.

Kenneth Miller, manager of the Miller Fox Ranch, Maple avenue, reports the loss of a 1927 silver black fox. The animal escaped from the kennel recently, and is at large somewhere on the Island.

Who will be the new carrier of the mails from Millhaven to Stella? is the main topic of conversation on the island at present. The tenders were in on Oct. 1st, but no official word has been received from Ottawa as to the accepted tender. W. J. Beaubien, who has been supplying His Majesty's Mails for several years, is still on the job.

Miss Towns, Hastings, was a recent visitor of Mrs. E. McMullin's.

Miss Anna P. Filson, Montreal, Que., spent last week-end with her sister, Mrs. D. Caughey.

Miss Foster, Sault Ste. Marie, whose application for Principal of the S. S. No. 4 was accepted by the school board, has arrived in town to take up her duties. Mr. Spear, who has been in supply for Mrs. Foster for the past month, has returned to Toronto.

W. H. Preston, auctioneer, conducted a very successful sale of household furniture, garden tools and other equipment for Mrs. R. A. Fowler at Emerald on Saturday last.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DESERONTO.

The first meeting of the Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's Church was held at the home of Mrs. Ernest Robinson on Thursday night. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Mrs. E. Robinson.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. N. Oliver.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. F. Gaylord.
Treasurer—Mrs. Harband.
Secretary—Mrs. Edward Smith.

After the regular business, Mrs. Hetherington, the retiring president, was presented with a handsome prayer and hymn book. The address was read by Mrs. Harband and Mrs. Robinson made the presentation. Mrs. Hetherington thanked them in a few words. Refreshments were then served and the meeting adjourned.

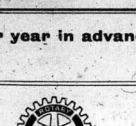
Mr. H. J. Clarke, B.A., inspector for South Hastings, paid his official visit to the school.

The house belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Philip O'Reilly has been sold to Mrs. Ballance, of Selby, who will shortly take possession of it.

Mrs. Bartley, of Toronto, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Armitage.

Mrs. Robert Geddes spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. Hetherington has returned to Toronto, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Edward Smith.



Rotary Hallowe'en Frolic

Napanee Armouries

October 31st

Everybody - Welcome

COMING :- EVENTS

LENNOX AND ADDINGTON Teachers Association, Collegiate Institute, Napanee, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13th and 14th.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL. (Editor of The Sunday School Times).

ELIJAH IN NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

Sunday, Oct. 16—I. Kings 21.

Golden Text—Be sure your sin will find you out. (Num. 32 : 23).

It is a terrible lesson in selfishness, sin and the wages of sin.

Those who have, most usually want more, and want it in the wrong way.

King Ahab was no exception. He was wealthy, but he saw a comparatively little thing that belonged to another, and he felt he must have it. It was a vineyard belonging to one of his subjects, and it adjoind the palace grounds. The owner, Naboth, was an Israelite of Jezreel. The King made him a proposition, plainly stating that he wanted the man's vineyard, and that he would give in exchange either a better piece of land or its value in money, as Naboth preferred. This seemed fair and honest, did it not? The only trouble with the King's proposition was its lawlessness. It defied the law of God. That was a matter of no consequence to Naboth. It took courage for a subject to reply to his Monarch: "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

But Naboth was right. God had told the children of Israel, when they came into the Promised Land in which Ahab and Naboth were now dwelling: "The land shall not be sold forever: for the land is Mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." (Lev. 25 : 23). Then, because of this was stated in God's law: "So shall not the inheritance of the children of Israel remove from tribe to tribe: for every one of the tribes of Israel shall keep himself to the inheritance of the tribe of his fathers." Num. 36:7). Naboth was quietly standing by the law of God.

When Ahab found he could not have his own way, he lost all interest in life. To some men, the zest of life is selfishness, which always means lawlessness. Ahab has many sympathizers today. "Do what you please, and shap your fingers at law," is the popular advice.

But, to others, now as then, the law of God, the will of God, is the only thing that makes life worth living. They rejoice along with the Psalmist, "I will delight myself in Thy commandments, which I have loved" (Psa. 119 : 47).

Ahab was not one of these; he sulked, flung himself upon his bed "would eat no bread, until the Queen, Jezebel, asked the cause of the trouble. When she had heard the story she promptly made murderous plans to give Ahab his way. With the sarcastic question whether he was really the King of Israel or not, she assured him she would secure Naboth's vineyard.

The lying and deadly plot followed. By royal letters, signed with the King's seal, she told the elders and nobles of Jezreel what to do: Proclaim a fast, bring Naboth forth, and by false witnesses accuse him of blasphemy against God and the King. Everyone knew that there was a God-ordained penalty for blasphemy.

Wicked men through the centuries have used the same false accusation to get righteous men out of the way—and Naboth was a righteous man. When the Lord Jesus Christ stood in the way of the false religious leaders—and His presence did stand in their way by the highest religious court, and the High Priest, after listening to false witnesses and then to Christ Himself, exclaimed, "Behold now ye have heard His blasphemy." (Matt. 26:65). When Stephen, "full of faith and power," was brought before the Jewish Council, again false witnesses were summoned and the charge was made: "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law." (Acts 6:13). Naboth was in good company.

The perjurers' witness prevailed, and Naboth was stoned to death. It all professed to be a very "righteous" performance, for did not the law of God say that "he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord.....shall be put to death" (Lev. 24:16)? Naboth had lost his vineyard, but he was one of those that "desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city" (Heb. 11:16).

Jezebel, triumphant, told the King to go and take possession of the coveted field; and Ahab went to the vineyard—and to his death. For God, in the person of Elijah the prophet, the line him there. God sent the prophet with these words: "Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed and also taken possession?.....Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

The message was delivered, and God kept His word. The full wages of sin was not paid until two or three years later; then the blow fell, as God had said. Ahab was killed in battle, his body was brought to Samaria; "and one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria; and the dogs licked up his blood.....according unto the word of the Lord which He spake" (I. Kings 22:38). Jezebel had an even more shocking death (II. Kings 9:30-37).

Ethylene Gas for Orchards.

One of the greatest fears of fruit-growers is that their crops may suffer from disease and bad weather during the process of ripening. Now, by a new discovery that causes fruit to ripen quickly, it is hoped to save many thousands of dollars a year.

Experiments in the use of ethylene gas have shown that it possesses the property of ripening fruit in an amazing short time. By using this gas some fruits can be ripened in a few hours, instead of the days or weeks required on the trees. The gas also lessens the danger of plant diseases, tends to make the fruit sweeter, reduces its acidity, and makes it more palatable.

CENTREVILLE SCHOOL FAIR

September 26th, 1927

Quart of O.A.C. No. 444 Oats—Morris Clancy, Mary Evans.

Sheaf of Oats—Mary Evans, Donald King.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Morris Clancy, Wesley McCutcheon, Morvel Hart.

Sheaf of Barley—Hugh Evans, Bernard Evans.

Quart of Marquis Wheat—Roy McLaren, Evelyn Wagar, Bernard Evans.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Hugh Evans, Roy McLaren, Bernard Evans, Jack Bell.

Golden Glow Corn — Lewis Wagar, Leonard Rush, Margaret Hannah, Arnold King.

Golden Bantam Corn—Stanley Shane, Gerald Wilson, Austen Rush, Robbie Brown, Gorge Close Doreen Fisher.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—George Lockwood, Hubert Todd, Willie Potter, Bruce MacLaren, Bernard Ingoldsby, Eileen Milligan.

Dooley Potatoes—Wesley McCutcheon, Ambros O'Reilly, Addison Bunting, Hannah, John Dillon, Fred Brown.

Mangels—Edna Hartwick, Harold Rescoila, Freda Todd, Mildred Hart, Morris Clancy, John Hannah

Turnips—Fred Brown, Mildred McKeown, Marie Hart, Bruce McLaren, Bernice Ingoldsby, Vera McKim.

Bets—Helen Fisher, Doreen Fisher, Mildred Hart, Ruth Brown, Pearson, Gertrude Johnston, M. Crawford.

Carrots—Iva McGregor, Evelyn Wagar, Helen McKeown, Ruby Pearson, Marie Brown, Violet King.

Parsnips — Iva McCutcheon, Wilhelmina McGill, Vera McKim, Harold Rescoila, Stanley Wagar, Kathleen Teskey.

Onions — Frees Hartwick, M. Sullivan, Harold Brown, Reita Potter, Iva McCutcheon, George Lockwood.

Asters—Wilhelmina McGill, M. Brown Arde McKim, Ila Cronk, Evlyn Wagar, Mary Crawford.

Sweet Peas—Noreen Cramer, Leah Weese,

Zinnia—Howard McGill, Beatrice Bell, Arthur Bell, Kenneth Cumming, Laverne Weese,

Verbena—Hazel Wagar,

Calendula—Mary Crawford, H. Fowler, Glen MacMillan, Beulah Weese, Marion Shane, Bruce Teskey,

Salpiglossis—Mary Crawford, Noreen Bell,

French Marigold—Helen McKeown, Carl Weese, Clarence Brown,

Ecoopsis—George Lockwood.

Cosmos—Carmel Kenny,

Snow Apples—Howard McGill, Edith McMullen, Lewis Wagar, A. King, Clarence Brown, Margaret Hannah.

Wealthy Apples—C. Brown, Esther McLaren, Douglas Rescoila, LaVerne Weese, Jack Bell, Leah Weese,

Cleetin of Apples — Robbie Brown, Howard Bell, Stanley Shane, lAice Ingoldsby, Helen McKeown, Violet King.

Spying Colt Apples—Willie Burgess, Morvel Hart, Stan Doupe, Wesley McCutcheon, Bernice Ingoldsby.

Calf, beef breed—Arthur McKeown, Bernice Ingoldsby, Morris Clancy,

Calf, dairy breed—Robbie Brown, Eileen Milligan, Clarence Brown.

Spring Lamb—Robbie Brown, Clarence Brown, Arthur McKeown Mildred McKeown, Ray Burgess.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Eileen Milligan, Mildred Brown.

Barred Rock Pullet—Mildred McKeown, Eileen iMlligan.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Willie Fenwick, Mildred McKeown.

Bird House—Douglas Rescoila, Harold Rescoila, Bernice Ingoldsby, John Evans, Gerald Wilson, Bertram Evans.

Hammer Handle—Harold Todd, Ambrose O'Reilly, Wesley McCutcheon, George Lockwood, B. Ingoldsby, Harold Brown.

Milk Stool—Gerald Wilson, H. Rescoila, Morris Clancy, Bernice Ingoldsby, Forde Fenwick, Bernard Evans,

Rope Halter—John Evans, Harold Rescoila, Arthur McKeown, Gerald Wilson,

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Harold Rescoila, Arthur Bell, Ella Cronk.

Wild Flowers, pressed, mounted and named—Douglas Rescoila, Mary Crawford.

Collection of cultivated grasses and clovers—Leonard Rush, D. Rescoila, Bruce MacLaren.

Cuts of Live Stock—Laverne Weese, Helen Fisher, Bruce MacLaren, Gerald Wilson, Harold Rescoila, Kathleen Teskey.

Six snapshots, mounted—Arthur Bell, Harold Rescoila, Violet King, Esther MacLaren, Bruce Teskey, Helen Black, —

Unmounted cookies—Iva McCutcheon, Noreen Cramer, Doreen Fisher, Helen Wagar.

Layer Cake, light—Esther MacLaren, Muriel Brown, Mary Crawford, Hazel Wagar, Marion Shane, Helen Fisher.

Apple Pies—Mary Crawford, H. Fisher, Elizabeth Nolan, Edith McKeown, Annie Close ,Alice Ingoldsby.

Candy—Wilhelmine McGill, M. Crawford, Edith McKeown, Violet King, Kathleen Teskey, Grace Hannah.

Irish Towel, hand hemmed—Doreen Fisher, Alice Ingoldsby, Iva McCutcheon, Hazel Black, Hazel Wagar.

Guest Towel, hemstitched—H. Black, Helen Fisher, Kathleen Teskey, Alice Ingoldsby, Esther McLaren, Margaret Hannah.

Kitchen Apron—Eileen King, Muriel Brown, Helen Black, Helen Fisher, Wilhelmina McGill, Leah Weese.

Darning on Stocking—Mary Crawford, Helen Black, Esther McLaren, Margaret Hannah, V. King, Alice Ingoldsby.

Writing, "The Dandelion"—H. Wagar, Gertrude Johnston, Laverne Weese, Hazel Boomhour, Douglas Rescoila, Iva McGregor.

Writing ,"Listen to the Rain"—Marion Shane, Marion Fowler, H. Wagar, Edna Hartwick, Helen Fowler, Carmel Kenny.

Writing, "Bob White"—Leah Weese, Beulah Weese, Alice Ingoldsby, Willie Johnston, Ambrose O'Reilly, Violet iKng.

Writing, "My Native Land"—Phyllis Vanvolkenburg, Hazel Black, Eileen King, Elizabeth Nolan, Freda Fingland, George Close,

Crayon Drawing of a Flower—Douglas Rescoila, Gertrude Johnston, Laverne Weese, B. Weese, Helen Wagar, Alex Hart.

Crayon drawing of Autumn Scene—Harold Rescoila, Marion Shane, Carmel Kenny, Hazel Wagar, F. Brown, Nellie Lakins.

Poster advertising School Fair—Leah Weese, Alice Ingoldsby, Beulah Weese, Mary Crawford.

Collection of three art specimens—Violet King, Elizabeth Nolan, George Close, Helen Black, Anna Knapp, Noreen Bell.

Junior Speaking Contest—Geo. Lekwood, Mary Crawford, Helen Black.

Solo—Dennis Nolan, Helen Fisher, Carmel Kenny, Roy McLaren, Esther McLaren, Helen Black,

Stock Judging Contest—Robbie Brown, J. H. Finn, George Lockwood, John Evans, Morris Clancy.

School Parade—S. S. No. 4, S. S. No. 24, S. S. No. 29.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 4—Violet King.

S. S. No. 10 and 11—Harold Rescoila.

S. S. No. 18—Alice Ingoldsby.

S. S. No. 19—Mildred McKeown.

S. S. No. 20—Iva McCutcheon.

S. S. No. 24—Esther McLaren.

S. S. No. 24—George Lockwood.

S. S. No. 29—Mary Crawford

S. S. No. 32—Evelyn Wagar.

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ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

Here and There

The E.P. ranch is the latest to join the wheat pool. Professor W. L. Carlyle, manager of the ranch, on behalf of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has signed a pool contract covering one thousand acres.

In the annual report of the Roads Department of Quebec Province this year a general increase of 20 per cent. in automobile traffic has been recorded. In some sections of the province the increase over last year has been more considerable.

A recent report issued by the secretary of commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,000,000 of the $761,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has let contract to a chemical company for the extermination of weeds along its right of way on western lines. This fall a total of 2,600 miles will be sprayed with a death dealing liquid by a mechanical device attached to tank cars.

Motor cars continue to occupy place of first importance in Canadian trade with South Africa, according to the report of the trade commissioner at Cape Town. Following this the items of principal importance are wheat, paper, tires and tubes, agricultural machinery, condensed milk, fencing, canned fish, white lead, oatmeal, binder twine.

To serve the interests of hundreds of farmers in Southern Saskatchewan two new branch lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway began to operate on September 1st, according to announcement by D. C. Coleman, Vice-President, C.P.R. The lonrer of the two lines runs from Assiniboine south to Coronach, a distance of 59 miles and the second, a 27-mile stretch, runs from Bromhead to Lake Alma.

A barred Plymouth Rock hen, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, has made a new record for egg production. This new champion has a total of 339 eggs in 365 days, not only a new record for barred Plymouth Rocks but, as far as is known, a new record for all heavy breeds of poultry. The bird was bred and raised by the poultry department of the University.

The Toronto Freight Office First Aid Team carried off the Shaughnessy Grand Challenge Cup, emblematic of the First Aid Championship of the Canadian Pacific system, in competition with the Weston Shops of Winnipeg, western lines champions, at the Place Viger Hotel, September 21. The Toronto team secured a total of 419 points out of a possible 610, while the Weston shops secured 403 points.

The establishment of a colony of German noblemen in Saskatchewan is a possibility judging by the visit to St. Walburg of a number of titled Germans headed by Dr. Smidel von Seeberg, of Berlin, who is already established on an estate in the area. Investment of a capital of large proportions upon huge farms is said to be contemplated by the party which is to return to Germany to make its report and come back in the spring with families and relatives. One member has already purchased one and one-half sections of land.

Gasoline From Coal.

American interests have bought patent rights in Germany for the manufacture of synthetic gasoline to sell at 10 cents a gallon. The process consists of pulverizing low-grade coal and screenings from the anthracite mines to a fineness that makes possible the washing out all the parts of the coal that make up the clinkers, the unburnable parts. After this washing and sifting is accomplished the remaining mushy substance is mixed with a certain amount of crude coal and the mixture is baked slowly at low temperature. The volatile gases from the crude oil from the coal are thus released, and may be condensed into high-grade motor gasoline. As much as 40 per cent. of the volume of the coal by weight may thus be converted into gas.

May Not Wear Short Hair.

Western customs are forbidden to Chinese women, the prefect of the Pekin police has issued a new warning to "ultra-modern women." He has done so at the instigation of Chinese feminists. He forbids short hair, short skirts and open-neck gowns, and threatens those who do not obey his edict with "severe punishment."

CAMDEN EAST SCHOOL FAIR

September 23rd, 1927.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 444 Oats—Edwin Galbraith, Gervase McKeown, Gerald McKeown.

Sheaf of Oats—Elmer Boulton, Edwin Galbraith, Gerald McKeown, Gervase McKeown.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Edwin Galbraith, Ruth Galbraith.

Shaf of Barley—Jack Stewart, Ruth Galbraith, Edwin Galbraith.

Quart of Marquis Wheat—Fred Galbraith, Ruth Galbraith, Edwin Galbraith.

Sheaf of Wheat—Ruth Galbraith, Fred Galbraith, Edwin Galbraith, Elmer Smith.

Golden Glow Corn—Gervase McKeown, Gerald McKeown, A. Hamilton.

Golden Bantam Corn—Bruce Allen, Keith Skinner, Ethel Howe, Roy Wessel, Jack Stewart.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—Gerald Peters, Donald Switzer, Kenneth Clyde, John Purcell, Harold Fairbairn, Doris Garrison.

Dooley Potatoes—Evelyn Peters, Johnnie raig, Morley Card, Josie Alkenbrack, Esther Purcell, Marjorie Wartman.

Mangels—Marguerite Hannah, Ross Bakely, Clinton Clyde, Pauline Amey.

Turnips—Phyllis Paull, Lillian Weese, Freddie Barry, Marguerite Hannah.

Beets—Keith Skinner, Helen Skinner, Edwin Brown, Ross King Jean Amey, Lillian Weese.

Carrots—Vernon Hogeboom, R. King, Josie Alkenbrack, Morley Card, Ralph Bell.

Parsnips—Edwin Galbraith, H. Bell, Dorothy Paul, Adam Hamilton.

Onions — Vera Allen, Donald Switzer, Clinton Clyde, Claude Craig.

Asters—Margaret Sutton, Ross King, Verna Scott, Frances Barry, Vern Baker, Clarence Keith, England.

Sweet Peas—E. Brown, Marguerite Hannah, Isabel Sutton, Ethel Howie, May Card.

Zinnia—Keith Skinner, Isabel Robinson, Ruth Galbraith, Gertrude Switzer, Clifford Hogeboom, Janes Hicks.

Verbena—Clinton Clyde, Edwin Galbraith,

African Marigold—Howard Bell Helen Skinner, Laura Alkenbrack, Nelson Garrison, Phyllis Paul.

Calendula—Ralph Bell, Josie Alkenbrack, Dorothy Garrison, G. Peters, Edwin Baker.

Salpiglossis—Dorothy Clyde, E. Peters, Ruth Galbraith.

French Marigold—Wellington Card, Victor Boulton, Jay Kennedy, Donald Switzer, John Purcell, Ruby Simmons.

Corcopsis—Marguerite Hannah Carmel Hamilton.

Pinks—Vera Allen, Gwendolyn Switzer.

Snow Apples—Ruby Simmons, Ralph Bell, Isabella Robinson, Howard Bell, Laura Alkenbrack, Edwin Brown.

Weathy Apples—Ruby Simmons, Ralph Bell, Howard Bell, Annie Deyer, Laura Alkenbrack, Clifford Skinner.

Collection of Apples—Edwin Galbraith, Ralph Bell, Marguerite Hannah, Clifford Skinner, L. Alkenbrack, Lewis Hamilton.

Spring Colt, heavy—Jack Stewart, Claude Craig, Edwin Galbraith.

Calf, beef breed—Edwin Galbraith, Gerald McKeown, Gervase McKeown, Ruth Galbraith.

Calf, dairy breed—Laura Alkenbrack, Donald Paul, Edwin Galbraith.

Spring Lamb—Evelyn Peters, Gerald Peters, Eugene Sagriff, R. Galbraith, Freddie Galbraith, Edwin Galbraith.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Dorothy Paul, Ralph Bell, Ross King, Donald Paul, Laura Alkenbrack, Edwin Galbraith.

Barred Rock Pullet—Laura Alkenbrack, Donald Paul, Clifford Hogeboom, Ross King, Ralph Bell, Edwin Galbraith.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Dorothy Paul, Laura Alkenbrack, Ross King, Clifford Hogeboom, Ralph Bell, Edwi nGalbraith.

Bird House—Edwin Galbraith, Nelson Garrison, Russel Hamilton, Freddie Galbraith.

Hammer Handle—Arthur Tomkins, Robbie Barry, Edwin Galbraith, Freddie Barry Frank Huffman.

Milk Stool—Edwin Galbraith, Clifford Hogeboom, Earle Ball, A. Hamilton, Ralph Bell, Howard Bell.

Rope Halter—Ralph Bell, Edwin Galbraith, Johnnie Craig.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Edwin Galbraith, Ralph Bell, Marguerite Hannah, Laura Alkenbrack, Mildred Uens, aMrgaret Sutton.

Wild Flowers, pressed, mounted and named—Laura Alkenbrack Edwin Galbraith, Ralph Bell, Marguerite Hannah.

Collection of cultivated grasses and clovers—Laura Alkenbrack, Edwin Galbraith, Ralph Bell.

Cuts of Live Stck—Isabella Robinson, Cecil Baker, Harold Hawley, Edwin Galbraith, Margaret Sutton, Ralph Bell.

Six Snapshots, mounted—Lloyd Finley, Leah Reid, Harold Hawley, Laura Alkenbrack, Elsie Uens

Layer Cake, light—Rena Patrick, Laura Alkenbrack, Dorothy Paul, Berthice Huffman, Dorothy Clyde, Helen Yeomans, Margaret Sutton, Josie Alkenbrack, Ruby Simmons.

Apple Pie—Laura Alkenbrack, Dorothy Clyde, Pauline Amey, R. Galbraith, Kathleen Hamilton, Fern Baker.

Candy, maple cream—Josie Alkenbrack, Francis Berry, Laura Alkenbrack, Mildred Uens, Ruby Simmons, Irene Gilligan.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—E. Uens, Billie Sutton, Leah Scott, Carmel Hamilton, Mercy Babcock Laura Alkenbrack.

Guest Towel, hemstitched, with embroidered initial—Dorothy Garrison, Frances Berry, Ruth Galbraith, Mildred Uens, Dorothy lyde, Evelyn Skinner.

Kitchen Apron—Ruth Galbraith Margueret Sutton, Bernice Huffman, Evelyn Skinner, Verna Scott, Kathleen Hamilton.

Darning on Stocking—Laura Alkenbrack, Marguerite Hannah, Ruth Galbraith, Esther Purcell, Carmel Hamilton, Evelyn Skinner.

Writing, "The Dandelion"—Vernon Hogeboom, Ray Card, Clarence Kennedy, Jean Amey, Mary Hannah,

Writing, "Listen to the Rain"—Nellie Howie, Victor Boulton, Dorothy Paul, Pauline Amey, Vera Allen, Iean Blakely,

Writing, "Bob White"—Mildred Hogeboom, Leah Scott, Claude Craig, Kenneth Clyde, Ruth Galbraith, Adam Hamilton.

Writing, "My Native Land"—Ellen McKnight, Edwin Galbraith, Ruby Simmons, Marguerite Hannah, Verna Scott, Carmel Hamilton.

Crayon drawn gof a flower—V. Hogeboom, Ray Card, aMry Hinch.

Crayin Drawing, Autumn Scene —Laura Alkenbrack, Earl Skinner, Clifrd Skinner, Victor Boulton.

Poster advertising School Fair —Edwin Galbraith.

Collection of three art specimens—Verna Scott, Marguerite Hannah, Donald Paul, Leah Scott, Kathleen Hamilton, Edwin Galbraith.

Public Speaking Contest—Cecil Baker, Ross Blakely, Mildred Uens, Marguerite Hannah.

Solo—Dorothy Garrison, Robie Barry, Vera Allen, Marcy Babcock, Howard Bell, Nellie Hawley,

Boys' Riding—Cecil Baker, J. Sutton, Clarence Hayes, Claude Craig.

School Judging Contest—Donald Paul, Ruth Galbraith, Edwin Galbraith.

School Parade—S. S. No. 7, S. S. No. 3, S. S. No. 21, S. S No 6

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR

S. S. No. 1—Cecil Baker.
S. S. No. 3—Edwin Galbraith.
S. S. No. 6—Dorothy Garrison.
S. S. No. 7—Laura Alkenbrack
S. S. No. 9—Marguerite Hannah
S. S. No. 13—Lillian Weese.
S. S. No 21—Dorothy Paul
S. S. No 22—Ruby Simmons.
S. S .No. 23—Dorothy Clyde.

MANY COUNTRIES MAKE CARS.

Present Producing Nations to Have Competition In Building.

There are now just seven countries producing motor cars in appreciable volume: Belgium, Canada, England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States. There are assembly plants in three or four other countries but with the exception of Australia no other country has a parent plant.

Now it appears that this "we are seven" group of countries is to be augmented to half a score or more immediately.

Australia has had a considerable body building industry for some years. Recently the Ford Motor Car Company of Canada Limited erected a new assembly plant larger of the antipodean Dominions and it is rumored that General Motors of Canada Limited will do likewise, as it has done in South Africa. Some time ago, however, there was reported in these columns the formation of a new Australian motor car manufacturing company. This ten million dollar corporation is building a plant in Auburn, not far from Sydney.

Australian materials will be used as far as possible and essential materials not produced in the commonwealth will be purchased within the empire, it is said. The mass production methods employed on this continent will be followed. In Sweden the A-B Volvo organization has started production of a small car which is to sell at about $1,200. The present plant will have a capacity of about 3,000 cars per annum after it is in full swing. This manufacturing company is connected with the S.K.F. Ball Bearing Company, so that it must have some considerable financial backing.

In spain experiments are said to be about completed preparatory to the production of a small car, powered with a two-cycle engine by the Euscalduna Company in Madrid. This car appears to be of the simplest type, as there is no differential and the cylinder capacity is only 48½ cubic inches.

Factory In a Garden.

In a garden just outside London, England, is a curious factory. It is a little factory for extracting mesothorium, the substance that has almost entirely replaced radium for making luminous figures on watch dials and clock faces.

Mesothorium is far cheaper than radium, and is twice as powerful in making the phosphorescent paints that are used on the dials glow. Its drawback is that it has a shorter life than radium, its power of emitting alpha rays dying out in a few years.

The mesothorium is obtained from the rare earths used in the manufacture of incandescent gas mantles. It is a chemical process requiring great skill, care, and patience in gradually concentrating the radioactive element from the raw material.

Practically all the mesothorium used in England is extracted in a small laboratory in a London doctor's garden.

Royal Family's Hair.

The royal family's hair is a puzzle to artists. The Prince of Wales, all of his brothers and Princess Mary have hair of a color which is very difficult to reproduce, says one who has completed a study of the prince for one of the Indian Governments. At times, he says, the hair of the younger members of the family appears brown in dull lights, but there is a dull yellowish tint which is noticeable in brighter light. The hair of the princes generally seems darker than that of their sister.

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Eight Days In a Hole.

The tenacity of animal life is an interesting subject if it is tested by accident and not by design, and it has had a test by accident in Wales.

Two dogs, a sheep-dog and a spaniel, which had succumbed to the temptation of rabbit-hunting, were missed for nearly nine days.

Then a little girl, hearing curious sounds underground in a lonely place, brought a party of rescuers to the spot, and the dogs were dug out of a rabbit hole from which they had been unable to extractte themselves.

They must have been without food and water for eight and a half days, yet they seemed little the worse.

Evidently the dog has lost, if it ever had, the instinct of burrowing toward the open air which the underground animal possesses.

Musical Wales.

The Eisteddfod is one of the big features of Welsh national life, and has a history that goes back 2,000 years. It is specially interesting to outsiders because of the impressive ritual, the picturesque costumes of the "Druids" and women, and the fine choral singing, which is sung in Welsh. Wales is a nation of "sweet singers," and the annual Eisteddfod is always a treat to musiclovers.

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.

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"I won't ask you another question—if I can help it. Believe me, I haven't meant to press your confidence in mere curiosity, but in my wish to help you, though I won't pretend that you have not made me extremely curious about yourself too. But now—about finding employment for you in town. Would you really make the break with these people here and go to the city if you could get a position there?"

The color that had come to her cheeks faded out, leaving them white. She looked grave, almost solemn, as she answered him. "I have weighed it and have talked with Abe, who assures me that, being of age, I am free. My ignorance of the world makes me fearful to go out into it, but I have come to feel of late that nothing which I may encounter in any other mode of existence will be more unbearable to

"I suppose there is a joke somewhere in this mixup."

me than my life here. And so," she concluded, her eyes drooping and her voice sinking to a lower key, "I have decided that I will go away."

"Isn't it rather singular," he said, "that Abe should sanction and even urge your going away—he of all persons?"

"But he does not. He knows nothing of my determination." A startled look came into her face. "You will not tell him," she breathed anxiously.

"I? Well, hardly! But you say it is he who tells you you are free to leave here."

"He tells me I am free, not to go to town—he never dreams of my doing that—but free to marry him."

"Which you will eventually do? There! Pardon me—I promised to ask you no more question. Now, as to these Morningstars, of course there will be a row when they find you are going. Can you stand up against it?"

"It will be wearisome," she sighed. "But I shall not falter."

"You are sure you won't weaken when old Morningstar gets at you?"

"I am sure," she said quietly.

"He won't easily let you go, you know. You save money for the old skinflint. To spare yourself a struggle with him why don't you get away secretly and let him fight it out with himself after you are gone?"

"I have considered that way of leaving, but I have decided against it. I prefer to leave openly. But more than Mr. Morningstar I fear Abe."

"I should think so," he agreed. He wondered if this signified that she did or did not reciprocate Abe's devotion. It might be interpreted either way. Her caring for Abe was not more incongruous than some other things about her. Suddenly he decided to tell her what it was her undoubted right to know—that Hen Muckleheuny's visits were for her, not Ollie. It would be interesting also to see how she would take it. Would it prove a pleasant surprise to her?

"Perhaps your problem may be solved in an easier way than going to town to earn your living. I'll tell you something. Hen Muckleheuny's visits here have been meant for you, not Ollie. He wants to keep company with you. Perhaps knowing this you may reconsider your purpose to go to town."

The information made apparently very little impression on her, except to bring to her face a strange look of weariness and sadness.

"Did Hen tell you," she asked in a spiritless voice, "that he wanted to come to see me?"

He observed that she did not say "keep comp'ny." He wondered why the brightness had so suddenly gone out of her at the mention of Hen.

"No," he said; "I overheard him telling old Morningstar. I have meant to tell you."

"I've known it," she answered in an uninterested tone. "He writes verses to me."

"Verses! Hen Muckleheuny?"

"Yes. I find them sticking in the door of the spring house with a bunch of wood violets pinned to them."

"They don't appear to have moved you—the violets and the verses. Are the verses original?"

"You may judge." She drew a sheet of paper from her pocket. "I found these this evening. But you can't read them in this light."

He took a box of matches from his pocket, struck one and read aloud from the sheet of paper she held out to him:

"I give to you this wiolet
In token that we two have met
And hope that we already yet
Once more again together get."

He turned and looked at her. No wonder she looked weary and sad!

"I would not like to trouble you with commissions," she said, "but if I may ask a favor of you—you are always so kind to me"—

"I?" he said, surprised. "I kind to you?"

Her answer was spoken very low. "Not one else has ever been so kind."

He was silent from astonishment. She was tearing up little blades of grass at her side with nervous fingers. He waited for her to go on. But she did not.

"The favor, Eunice?"

Her mournful eyes unveiled an instant and looked at him as he spoke her name, and again his pulse stirred as he met the soft fire of her look.

"If you should get an opportunity to speak to Hen, will you please tell him to quit it?"

"Quit writing poetry?"

"He will expose me to the wrath of Ollie and her father and mother, who have set their hearts on him."

"And you will not defy them and favor him? Or is it Abe that makes Hen's case so hopeless?"

She gazed at him, her mournfulness changed to utter despair. Was there, then, actually a real case of the heart and not of mere sociability between her and Abe? Incredible!

Before he could answer the faint sound of a step on the board walk near the house made him turn to glance over his shoulder.

"Talk of the devil"—

Eunice sprang to her feet with the primitive instinct of a startled animal, gave one glance in the direction of the approaching footsteps on the board walk and without a word darted away around to the back of the building. She stopped short a few feet from the terrace, looking baffled at her disappearance. Then he shuffled up to Kinross.

He looked as though he had just got out of bed. His hair was tousled, his feet were bare, and he wore neither coat nor waistcoat.

"Say, that there was our Eunice settin' alongside of you. Ain't it was?" he demanded aggressively.

"Yes," Kinross quietly nodded, taking a fresh cigar from one pocket and a match from another. Abe had always been abashed in his presence, but his jealousy was evidently giving him unwonted courage. Kinross, feeling a pugilistic rage against him for having driven Eunice away, tingled to use his fists.

"What was she doin'?" demanded Abe in tone of sullen suspicion.

"Doing? Nothing," Kinross responded, blowing a cloud of smoke from his mouth.

"What was she here fur, then?"

"Because she chose to be, I suppose."

"She went up to bed when I did a'ready. What fur has she snuk down again?"

"I might ask the same question of you, Abe."

"I heerd her when she snuk downstairs. So I put some things on and follered her up."

"What for?"

"I conceited I'd see what she was up to anyhow."

"Yes?" said Kinross in an absent tone, pushing back his hat and blowing up circles of smoke.

"She come out here and set alongside of you," pursued Abe. "I seen her!"

"So did I."

"What fur did she want to do that there?" Abe angrily demanded.

"It was queer taste, Abe, wasn't it?"

"She's my girl, and you ain't to spoon with her!"

"Go to bed, Abe," Kinross advised wearily.

"I took notice she run off mighty quick when she heard me comin'," he said, with dark suspicion.

"Not very flattering to you; that's a fact." Kinross conceded.

"Are you leavin' her be?" Abe threateningly asked.

Kinross took his cigar from his mouth and measured the hoeelic youth before him with cold eyes, which made the other's fall in embarrassment. Then, turning his back on him, he continued to smoke.

Abe scowled, hesitated and finally, with evident reluctance, gave up the fight and slunk away, going slowly back to the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Kinross opened his eyes the next morning it was with a sense of pleasure that gradually, as full consciousness came to him, assumed the form of a desire to continue his interrupted talk of the night before with Eunice. As he lay on his back, his hands clasped under his head, the impression he had received of the charm of the girl's personality came back to him vividly. He complacently decided that he would take the first opportunity that day to see and talk with her once more.

But the day passed, and the opportunity did not present itself.

In the evening he betook himself to the terrace by the gate and sat waiting for her to come out to him. Not until his vigil had reached the hour of 11 unrewarded did he give it up.

She's afraid of Abe," he decided as, with a keenness of disappointment that surprised himself, he went into the silent house and sought his bed.

The two following days left him still foiled of his purpose. It looked as though the girl herself tried to avoid him. The fact only aggravated his desire to renew his investigation of her. To defer it so long was like being obliged to wait a whole month for the next number of an interesting serial. There were many things they had not talked out that night she had come to him. It remained yet to decide what employment she should take up in town.

Kinross had usually found that his interest in a woman was in an inverse ratio to his intimacy with her. The charm of mystery or elusiveness quickly vanished on a closer view. But here was a case in which what at first had seemed a perfectly obvious character grew more mysterious and therefore more interesting each time she opened her lips.

As a diversion from his irritation at his continued failure to see her alone he one day asked Mr. Morningstar's permission to sleep that night in the haunted part of the house.

He was surprised at the effect his simple request produced. The farmer's wife turned white to the lips and trembled so that she had to pause in her clearing of the dinner table and sink into a chair.

"You couldn't hire me with dimons to go near there!" she gasped. "And I wonder't Jed John right to let you be so venturesome if you don't know better yourself."

He had lingered after the rest had left the dinner table to put his request, and he was alone with her. With his usual contempt for feminine logic, he would not waste time in reasoning with her on the point at issue, but at once put to her the one argument which he knew would surely fail to convince her. "I'll pay a dollar extra board this week for the privilege," he said. Delicacy in dealing with Mrs. Morningstar would have been casting pearls.

"What fur do you want to do sompin that dangerous?" she curiously inquired, weakening in her resistance, as he was sure she would.

"I never met a ghost. I'd find it interesting to make the acquaintance of one."

He suddenly started as he became aware of Georgiana's presence in the kitchen. She had come in at the door behind him and had walked into the room before he saw her. He cast a hasty glance upon her to find evidence of her having overheard his remark, delivered in his natural tone and language and not in that of his assumed character.

But Georgiana was not observant. She gave no sign of having heard him as, fanning her heated face, she languidly rested on the big wooden settee. Daisy followed and sat down beside her.

"We've decided it's too hot just now, at noon, to walk over to the woods. We're going to bed until it's cooler," Georgiana announced. "Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Morningstar?" she asked, for the landlady still looked pale in spite of the proffered extra dollar.

"Are you and Pete haring a row?" asked Daisy, with relish, flinging a greasy cushion off the settee to a chair across the room.

"Och, me and Doc we're havin' a debate! He wants fur to sleep in the haunted room onest. I ain't in fur it much. But," she said doubtfully, "I guess I must give in, too, seein' he's promised a extry dollar on his board fur the chanct."

The girls stared, puzzled, and Kinross had a look of being cornered. But even in his annoyance at such a "give away" the added liveliness of Georgiana's face in its rare self forgetfulness under her momentary surprise was not lost upon him.

"Board? Does he pay board?" asked Daisy, half reaching for her notebook. "A farmhand isn't boarded."

Mrs. Morningstar was confused. "Och, Doc," she stammered, "how's a body to answer 'em? Well, to be sure," she added, becoming resourceful, "a farmhand's board is counted as part pay."

"How fine of you, Peter," said Georgiana enthusiastically, "to rise above this sordid, superstitious fear! Your spirit of inquiry, too, is fine. I am glad you are undertaking to do this, Peter. I believe we can rise to a plane where fear is entirely eliminated."

"There's a mouse," remarked Peter experimentally, pointing under the settee, and simultaneously the two girls, with genteelly repressed shrieks, sprang to their feet.

"It ain't no such a thing!" Mrs. Morningstar indignantly denied the reflection on her housekeeping. "It ain't no mices in my house. A mousy house—that there I don't have."

Daisy, holding her skirts high enough to reveal her pretty ankles and dainty shoes, and Georgiana, trembling, stood out in the middle of the room.

"Is mice eliminated from that there plane you referred to, mieux?" Peter inquired.

Georgiana's smile was wan. "Do you mean to be facetious, Peter?"

"Suppoin' the haunted room is—mousy," he suggested.

"The mice are no doubt the only creatures that haunt the place," Georgiana answered, still holding high her skirts.

"You will find out if you try sleepin' there," Mrs. Morningstar warned them.

Daisy dropped her skirts after a cautious glance around her and took up her notebook. "What are the facts

"A mousy house—that there I don't have."

about the case?" she asked, with a lawyer-like eye upon Mrs. Morningstar. "I'm awfully stuck on psychic phenomena."

"I don't know right what you mean, Mrs. Morningstar hesitated. "Is it that you want to know what it makes in the haunted room?"

"Yes. What has been seen there and by whom? And what is the story of the room? Usually there's a romantic legend attached to a place believed to be haunted."

Mrs. Morningstar was usually garrulous enough and liked nothing better than to gossip of her own and her neighbors' affairs to an interested listener. But she did not seem to greet these questions with her usual readiness.

"It don't come easy to me to tell about what happened there, fur, all I'm used to it fur some twenty years now. If Eunice wasn't workin' out with pop and Abe this after in the fields over I'd change the subjec'," she said, using the phrase with a self conscious air of employing elegant language, "fur us we don't never talk anything before her about what happened upstairs there; it's near twenty one years back a'ready. Eunice she was just a little over a year old."

She sat down to tell her story; and Georgiana and Daisy returned to the settee, the latter with her notebook open on her lap.

"We were keepin' hotel here and we had so many comers and goers. Here one day a couple come, a man and his missus and their baby a year and a half old. They was tony people—that I must give 'em—and they had money a plenty. They sayed they'd stay a while, bein' as they liked my cookin', though to be sure they didn't eat much, neither one of 'em. The missus was always wonderful pale and she never could fetch a smile. She was always settin' and thinkin,' starin' in front of herself and not noticin' no person nor nothin'. She didn't seem to have no heart fur that baby of hern.

"She wouldn't mind, still, that it was settin' on her lap and she'd near leave it slip off. Him and her often had words up in their rooms. They rented two rooms off of us and they furnished 'em grand with such a bookcase and writin' desk and a bedroom suit. Me and pop us we used to listen outside in the hall still. We couldn't hear what they sayed much, but him he'd scold in a low voice, and her she'd cry faintlike so's no one would hear. The minter he used to go in town frequent, if not oftener, and I used to tell pop still, 'You mind if some day he don't come back no more. I kin see it at him how he's tired of her yet. Yes, he'll go off and leave her with that child to keep, now you see oncet if he don't,' I sayed to pop."

"The child was Eunice, I suppose?"

In his interest in her narrative, not merely for itself, but for any light it might throw upon Eunice, Kinross forgot to be Pete and leaned forward across the table, regarding Mrs. Morningstar with a thoughtful frown. The sound of his own voice brought him back to himself, and he again glanced with apprehension at the girls. But they, too, were so interested in the story that even the fact of the farmhand's idling in the kitchen while his employer and Eunice worked in the fields escaped their notice.

"Yes, it was our Eunice," Mrs. Morningstar answered, "but that don't come in yet. I mustn't get ahead of my story. Once when I could hear they was scrappin' I peeped in the keyhole—not that I wanted to be inquisitive, but a body likes to know, too, what's goin' on in their own hotel. Well, that there woman could have easy got a divorce cheap if she's of just brang up some remarks where he made."

"What remarks?" inquired Kinross.

"Why," she exclaimed, "he run at her with a razor!"

"Remarks?" he questioned hazily.

"And me, I hollered and run. And it was just the next night the crime was commit. It was the 27th of July. We was called to the room by the screamin' of the little baby, and we had to break the lock, and there we found the woman dead in her bed, lyin' in a pool of blood, and the man had flew!" There was a envelope pinned to the baby with some money in it. We conceited it was meant fur to pay any one where would keep the child. Well, as we didn't give no one else the chancet. Me and pop we took and kep' the child."

"How much money was there?" inquired Kinross.

"That ain't neither here nor there," she answered curtly, coloring and looking uncomfortable. "It wasn't so wonderful much, considerin' all the trouble we had to take raisin' the child and the trouble we're havin' now," she added snidictively, "with her runnin' after our Abe the way she's doin'. To be sure," she conceded, "we didn't raise the way her mother was raisin' her. I never did see a baby tended the way she does—a clean white dress every day—now mind! Yes, indeed! Oh, that baby musn't never get dirty when her mother had her! She must be clean all the time and get washed all over every day, mind you, 'stead of once a week, like us country people does to our babies. No one ever'd think this here by-geen on it—she must scald the milk to foomgate the germs, or whatever, and wash her mouth and eyes with borax water. You wouldn't believe what a time it takes to raise all that there trouble, would you? But that there's hy-geen. I hear lots of towners believes in this here hy-geen. Well, after we found the dead body in there I wouldn't go in to sleep at the hotel till after the funeral was. I slep' to the neighbors'. The news of the crime got put out all over the country, and we had a wonderful time holdin' the one overother," she added in a shocked tone, "not one crape weed! When there ain't no crape weils it don't remind me of a funeral, ain't not? Well, the preacher he had a wonderful solemn sermont. There was two or three sayed to me afterward how they felt under his sermont, and one sayed how she liked to hear a solemn preachin' like hern on a funeral so's her heart gets affected.

"As a general I kin stand a good bit. I don't soon go to bed sick, but that there crime sent me to bed fur near a week, with all the work layin'. Top of was so much fur tellin' all about it to comers and goers, and it would work me up so to hear him come over it all that I used to wish we didn't keep hotel so's there wouldn't be no comers and goers to tell it to."

She paused to take breath, but Kinross was ready with a question to urge her on.

"How do you know that it was not a case of suicide rather than murder?"

"The coroner's jury," replied Mrs. Morningstar, "sayed she didn't suicode herself, but was murdered in the first degree."

"It is the murdered woman who haunts the room?"

"I don't know," she answered, turning white again. "I ain't never step there. Oncet, before we quit hotelin' and began farmin' this here place, we slept a travelin' man in that there room, and about the middle of the night he wiked us all with runnin' through the hall, screechin' he'd saw a ghost. And after that we never put no one in there no more. Their furniture is all there yet too. The neighbors tells us that near every night any person passin' our place late kin see a queer light in the winder of that there room. Our Abe seen it oncet too."

"Peter," Daisy turned eagerly to Kinross, "are you husky enough to sleep in that room? If you are you'll tell us about the ghost, won't you, tomorrow evening—if you meet her?"

"Ain't you got afraid to sleep there now, Doc—Pete—after what I tole you yet?" Mrs. Morningstar asked incredulously.

"I'll tell you tomorrow morning," answered Kinross. "Maybe I'll cut and run, too, like the traveling man. You never can tell what you'll do when you're up against a ghost."

"Say," Mrs. Morningstar suddenly exclaimed, her eyes moving from one to another of her listeners with an anxiety amounting to distress, "look at here. Yous won't speak nothin' to Eunice, will yous, about this here? Us we always kep' it from her. It would be ugly to tell her her pop murdered her mom in the first degree."

"And," thought Kinross, "that her father left a sum of money for her support."

"Doesn't she ever ask questions about herself?" inquired Daisy. "If I were she it would make me long to get aboard."

"There fur awhile she did," Mrs. Morningstar said. "But us we pats her off with just nothin,' her parents left her here a waif."

"If the whole neighborhood knew of it I don't see how you've kept it from her," remarked Georgiana. "Surely some one would be apt to tell her."

"We never let her go much. We kep' her close at home, just so's she wouldn't hear nothin'. We thought it would be so upsettin'."

"To learn how she's been staving for her living (which probably had been paid for," thought Kinross.

"I don' know what's made me speak all this here to you," Mrs. Morningstar continued, with increasing unease "It ain't like me to talk so much. I often come over it. I don't like to. But I was took back so with Doc's—Pete's—statin' fur the dare to sleep in that there room that I've near a thing come out before I knowed right I was tellin' it. And now mebbe yous will tell Eunice."

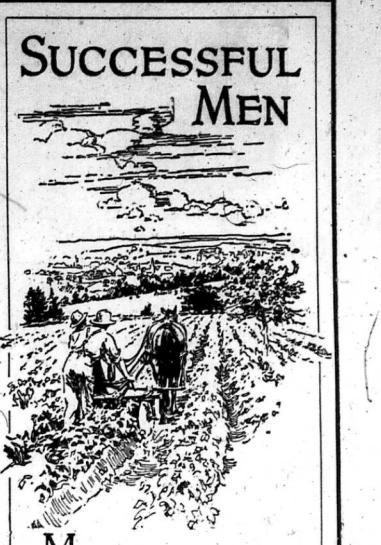
Kinross, who was watching the woman attentively, was sure that, judging from her habitual treatment of Eunice, her present intense apprehension was certainly not due to the cause to which she attributed it—tender compassion for the girl. She was evidently looking for something which If known would compromise her. What could it be? He was pretty sure that in spite of their greed neither Mr. nor Mrs. Morningstar would be deliberately dishonest. The Pennsylvania German, however "close," usually has integrity if for no other reason than because of his fear of hell.

"Perhaps," he reflected, "Eunice herself—contradictory and unaccountable as she is in so many respects—knows more about herself than any one suspects."

His lukewarm desire to investigate

(Continued on page 5).

SUCCESSFUL MEN



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HOW COME?
HE IS SO CLEVAH AND LEARNS SO FAST! HE OBSERVED WOE-SIN POLISHING BOOTS!—
LOP EARED - BY WEU
NOW HE IS ENGAGED IN POLISHING ALL THE BOOTS HE CAN FIND!
YE-UH? I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
NGTON
MY WORD!
HEY, SAP YOUR MONK IS COLOR BLIND! HE'S MADE 'EM ALL BLACK! ALL OF MAWS FANCY COLORED ONES TOO!
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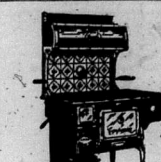

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Father's Day.

Only comes once a year, but you can get "Dad's Cookies" any day. It only takes one smell to sell them.

AT STEACY'S.

45-b

Anniversary Services and Supper.

Anniversary services will be held in Newburgh United Church on Sunday, October 16th, at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. On Monday, Oct. 17th, the anniversary supper and concert will be held, and will be conducted by the Ladies' Aid Society. A splendid supper and programme will be provided.

Basketball Game.

In the basketball games played in Trenton on Friday evening, between the Collegiate teams of Trenton and Napanee the local senior girls lost and the junior girls decisively defeated the Trenton juniors. The Napanee contingents were royally entertained after the games.

Life Sure Do Move.

But there's one thing we all like, young or old—that's COMFORT. Use D. L. & W. Scranton Coal for that comfortable heat that makes your house a home. We have it in all sizes. Phone us, 92. Napanee Fuel & Supply Co. VanLuven's, formerly... A BLACK BUSINESS HANDLED WHITE.

46-a

"Let's Go."

"The show of all shows at Armouries Thursday and Friday nights. It's a grand musical revue and different from the usual shows staged by amateurs. The choruses are well balanced and give some brilliant dances and dances and songs. The comedy is a great feature, so come prepared for a good laugh.

Prince Edward Bye-Election Nov. 12th.

Nominations for the seat made vacant by the appointment of Hon. Mr. Raney to the Supreme Court Bench have been called for Tuesday, November 1st, with polling Saturday, November 12th. Mr. Merritt McFaul, of Allisonville, has been appointed returning officer. Sittings for the revision of the voters' lists have been arranged by the Election Board.

Obituary.

There passed away at Kingston General Hospital on Friday, Sept. 16th, Mrs. Estella Ohlman, widow of the late Nelson Ohlman, of North Fredericksburgh. During the last year Mrs. Ohlman had very poor health and on August 23rd she was forced to undergo a hurried operation. It was a fated case and the doctors held out no hope. Sympathy and verdict she lived 23 days after the operation. She leaves to mourn her passing, one son and four daughters: George L. Ohlman, Napanee; Mrs. Wm. J. Blackadder, Slash Road, Napanee; Mrs. Archie Megaderm, Inkerman; Mrs. Westbrook; Mrs. Arthur Harrison, Big Valley, Alberta, and Mrs. Paul G. W. Lepel, San Diego, California.

Mummies Show That Pyorrhoea Attacked the Pharaohs.

Sufferers from pyorrhoea and kindred diseases of modern civilization are apt, even if they lose all their teeth, to console themselves with the thought that, at least, they have contracted something original.

They think to themselves, perhaps: "Well, Sir Walter Raleigh could not have had this. My greatgreat-great-grandfather, the agitator, did not suffer from this. He may have had gout and bronchitis, but never pyorrhoea or the fashionable influenza."

But these modern sufferers have apparently been congratulating themselves unduly. There is nothing new under the sun; certainly there is no disease which has any true claims to originality. Even rheumatoid arthritis is proved to be thousands of years old. A mummy that goes back to 2900 B.C. shows the existence of this disease. Other mummies examined showed gout, tuberculosis, and pyorrhoea.

These instances were cited at a meeting of the British Medical Association in a discussion on clinical variations in disease from the historic point of view, says an Old Country paper.

Models, pictures, and manuscripts were said to provide valuable evidence of diseases in the past, and from these it has been deduced that real changes, on the whole, are extremely slow.

Even mummies is not sacred to our schooldays, for it appears to have attracted the attention of Brooks with the same splendid disregard for brain and dignity.

The Personal Element In Banking Affairs

BETWEEN the curtness and coldness of printed bank forms and the human element for whose use they are designed, are vast opportunities for the banker to give valuable personal assistance. The Standard Bank, through the members of its staff, is anxious to use any opportunity that arises to demonstrate its value in offering personal advice on financial matters. The local manager of the Standard Bank will be glad to give intimate counsel upon money matters pertaining to your business.

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10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
The pastor will preach.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Gathering of Sunday School Workers.

The 45th annual convention of the Religious Education Council will be held in Trinity Church, Napanee, on Wednesday, Oct. 19th. The different departments of Sunday School work will be discussed in the afternoon and Rev. A. J. Wilson will give an address in the evening, relating religious conditions as he found them abroad the past summer.

Presented With Shower.

The home of Miss Dorothy Scott was the scene of a jolly function on Wednesday evening, when sixteen girl friends of Mrs. C. Casement (nee Norma Ballard) presented her with a shower. The many useful and beautiful articles which she received were a tribute to her popularity among her many friends here. The evening was spent in games, contests and dancing and at the close delicious refreshments were served.

The Late J. N. Pringle.

John Nelson Pringle died at an early hour Saturday morning, at his residence, Belleville. The deceased was born in Napanee on November 26th, 1845, but had resided in Belleville practically all his life, operating a Sash and Door Factory for many years. He succeeded his father, the late A. N. Pringle, and took over the management of the Sash and Door Factory. For the past seven years, however, the late Mr. Pringle had retired from the business.

A Record Run.

The local plant of the Dominion Canners has been a busy place the last two weeks and there is still an abundance of corn and tomatoes to be canned. In conversation with the local manager, Mr. Vick, it was learned that a record run was established at this point on Thursday, which for its capacity eclipses the record of any factory operated by the Dominion Canners. In thirteen hours, 2502 cases of corn were canned, representing 60,048 cans or an average of 4619 cans an hour or 77 cans every minute. In all, 76 tons of corn were used and each and every ear had to be washed before canning. The staff is composed of about forty hands and this has been by far the most successful year in the history of this plant.

THE LAND CRAB.

No Trouble to Rear a Million Children.

"I must go down to the sea again," says Mrs. Land Crab, and, being a dutiful husband, Mr. Land Crab agrees, says a writer in Tit-Bits. Every once a year does Mrs. Land Crab evince this desire, and Mr. Land Crab knows that she wishes to prepare him with a family.

Regularly every year, however far from the sea she may have roamed, Mrs. Land Crab walks faithfully back to it to rear her family. "It's no trouble to rear a million," she says, and so—she rears a million.

This wonderful little mother lays a million minute eggs at the water's edge, buries them in the sand, and waits patiently for them to hatch. Once they are hatched, she buries them in a tunnel beneath the sand and then leaves them and returns with her husband to wherever his fancy may take them.

Land crabs are extraordinary creatures, the size of large English seacrabs, but are usually found in Gambier and the Marquesas Islands, possessed of eyes that work on a stalk, and which can be projected from their heads at will to the extent of half an inch, they also have a special eyelash brush with which to clean them. These brushes are circular fans about ½ inch across and concealed in an aperture normally resembling a mouth.

They have one large and one small claw, like a lobster, the small one for running and the large one for protection purposes. Originally sea crabs, it is believed that land crabs developed a roving instinct, and wandered out of the sea and on to the land in search of fresh hunting grounds.

Hard and Soft Wood.

Call 92. Napanee Fuel and Supply Co. 45

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Board meeting Thursday, Oct. 20th, 8 p.m.

Anderson Church: Sunday 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

Rev. G. E. Bott, of Japan, speaks for day.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

8.00—Corporate Communion for Sunday School workers and teachers and confirmed scholars.
10.30—Children's Day service.
No Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

VICTORIAN ORDER NURSES

REPORT FOR JULY, 1927

Twelve new cases were reported this month. 81 nursing visits were paid and 21 non-nursing visits, making a total number of visits during the months of 102. 13 free nursing visits were made. There were 5 night calls, all confinements.

CLINIC WORK.

Four clinics were held during the month with a total attendance of 28. Eleven visits were made to homes of clinic babies. Fees collected from patients, $43.00; fees collected from M.L.I., $3.00; total $46.00.

The Social Service Committee wish to report four helped during July.

Josephine Leamy, Con.

REPORT FOR AUGUST.

Eleven new cases reported. 70 nursing visits, 65 non-nursing visits, making a total of 135. There were 2 night calls, one confinement.

CLINIC WORK.

There were two clinics held, with a total attendance of 40. Clinics deferred until work around Town Hall completed.

Fees collected from patients, $26.25.

REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Order acknowledges with thanks the September instalment of $50.00 from the Board of Education.

9 new cases were reported. 43 nursing visits were made and 110 non-nursing visits, making a total of 159 visits. There was one night call.

CLINIC WORK.

No. of clinics held, 3. Total attendance 51.

Invitations were sent out to all babies listed on the file and to new babies. The clinic was reopened after completion of work around the Town Hall.

SCHOOL WORK.

16 visits were paid to the two schools. Hours spent in school, 33½; No. of children inspected, 502; Children weighed, 66; Defects corrected since previous month, 12; Class room health talks, 10; referred to dentist 156; Home school visits, 22; Fees collected from patients, $5.00.

The Victorian Order of Nurses wish to express their appreciation for the kind co-operation of the teachers with the Nurse in her work in the schools, and the keen interest they display in the health of the pupils.

Secretary

QUEER JOBS FOR ANIMALS.

Crane Used Instead of a Dog to Guard Sheep.

Ferrets, used mainly for ratting and rabbiting, are now found valuable for laying telephone wires. A rat is released in the pipe through which the cable is to be run. A ferret, to which a thin string is attached, is put in after the rat, and carries the string through the pipe. The thin string is used to pull another string, which in turn hauls thick cord, until eventually it is possible to pull the wire cable through.

Small drain pipes are apt to get choked with mud and then have to be cleared by water pressure. At the American town of Hilsboro a pipe got so choked that it could not be cleared by water, so a boy suggested putting in a mud turtle. The turtle burrowing through the mud and silt made short work of the trouble, and now the health authorities of the town keep half-a-dozen turtles for this special purpose.

Dr. Meleneo, the well-known French scientist, tried a curious experiment on a Mexican river. In an Indian canoe he fixed two wells, like centre-board wells, but wider. In each he placed one of the large turtles common in these waters and found that by prodding them from time to time they were able to drive the canoe at a very fair pace.

In Guerrero, a part of Mexico, is found a sort of boa-constrictor, sixteen to twenty feet long. These snakes are harmless and are tamed by the Indians. They live in the houses, kill rats, play with the Indian children, and guard the houses in the absence of their masters.

In Venezuela a species of crane is used instead of a dog to guard sheep, and these birds do their work excellently.

Law Suit and Spite.

A memorial to spite and a law suit, a locomotive stands in a field near Scott City, Kansas. Many who see the engine wonder how it came to be stranded there. Court records show it was the victim of an attachment run by a creditor of a railroad which built a short line there. The railroad sold out, and the track was torn up, leaving just enough rails for the engine to stand on. The creditor was thus given the choice of moving his engine or leaving it there.

The Blanket.

The blanket was first made and used by Thomas Blanket, a Flemish merchant, in 1340.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach at both services.
Rev. Peter Boyce, D.D., at evening service, Nov. 6th.

IN THE KING'S GARDEN

Thrown Open to Public From May 1 to September 30. — Sixpence Is Charged for Admission.

Many people took advantage of the opportunity offered by his Majesty the King of visiting the Royal Garden at Sandringham during the past summer.

The sum of sixpence is charged for admission, and the proceeds are devoted by the King's command, between the Queen Alexandra Memorial Fund and local charities. Last year local charities benefited to the extent of between £600 and £700 from the fees.

Many travellers by motor-car, omnibus, and coach delightful hours in the King's garden and grounds.

No color of the infinite diversity was more impressive, writes one who visited the gardens in early June than the hues of the rhododendrons, especially where they had a background of noble firs. The Californian tree-poppy, too, was in bloom: a monarch against whom the many-headed broom and kindred plants might have been lifting defiantly their burnished heads.

Near the house, with its ivied walls, its rose and geraniums, its floral opulence, and its suggestion of English homeliness, is the Queen's Nest—that little retreat which was conceived for Queen Alexandra as a surprise "offering from her Majesty's very devoted old servant," Sir Dighton Probyn.

This prettiest of small rock-gardens above the rhododendron-bordered, lily-spread lake was planned and made in dead secrecy. It bears a tale as pretty as itself. About 1912, when Queen Alexandra was in residence at Marlborough House, she was disconcerted by the frequent periodic absences of Sir Dighton Probyn. What was he about she asked, and hoped he was not making mischief at Sandringham—cutting down trees or anything of that sort.

Then, his "mischief" completed, the devoted old servant led his royal mistress to the bower he had completed for her. She was enchanted, as she might well be, for it is an enchanting spot, where tiny blossoms in colored cresses peep and hide-and-seek with the grey stone, and where, along one slanting path under trees that filter the sunshine, occurs a succession of harmonies in blue and purple and mauve, as though the Blue Bird had at last found a resting-place.

Flowers are encouraged in every direction at Sandringham. Even from the kitchen-garden they are not exiled, but find a tended welcome on walls, in borders, and along pathways. Thus early sweet-peas are "a-tiptoe for a flight" from the vegetables; thousands of roses have invaded the hedges; while the clematis, the passion-flower, and the Solanum crispum (which some visitors mistake for the blue blossoms of the potato) appear to be engaged in rivalry as to which shall climb highest and thickest.

Sandringham leaves its visitors happily to themselves with a large liberty.

HUDSON BAY POST DEMOLISHED

Was Important Post Up to the Late 'Nineties.

The last of those Hudson Bay Company posts extending from the Rockies to Winnipeg has been demolished, writes Janet Mungo. Up to the late '90's the steamers Northwest, Northcote and Marquis distributed goods each year from this post at Prince Albert to Fort La Corne, Cumberland and Le Pas, and westward to Fort Pitt and Edmonton.

The buildings were in the form of a square with the store, chief factor's house and stables facing out, the Indians and carriage sheds facing in, and the whole enclosed by a picket palisade. In winter there were always dogtrains in front of the store, and summer brought York boats. The huskey dogs thought nothing of eating a calf or a pig and once picked a baby from its sleigh with the intention of eating it, but narrowly frustrated. The store shelves were piled with red calico, blankets, copper kettles, tobacco, sugar and tea. Over all was the smell of smoked deer skin and kannie finnic, the red-willow bark tobacco of the Indians.

When the chief factor drove out with his carriage and four-in-hand he looked like what he was, the autocratic ruler of a country larger than most European kingdoms.

Old Sea Terms Disappearing.

Old sea terms which gave a real nautical color to such novels as those of Capt. Marryatt and Russell, are fast disappearing, says the senior officer of the Aquitania. "The crews no longer talk of going aft or forward," he said, "but say they are going to the front or to the end of the ship. Right and left are used instead of starboard and port. I hear members of the crew frequently say 'I am going upstairs' or 'downstairs' instead of 'above' or 'below.' No one says 'I am going on deck.' They say 'outside' or 'inside.' I heard a woman ask her steward if he had seen her husband, and he replied, 'Yes, mum, he's just gone up on the roof.'"

Tooth Tips.

Finely-powdered charcoal, especially that of the areca-nut, is supreme for making the teeth a gleaming white and keeping the mouth sweet. The charcoal, too, renders innocuous any decaying pieces of embedded food in the crevices.

A Millennium?"

Little Spokane G. Washington, who had brought his schoolbooks home with him to do some studying, was stuck.

"Say pappy," he enquired of his father, "what's a millennium?"

"A millennium," bragged the head of the family, "it's jes de same as a centennial, only it's got mo' laigs."

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THE SPEED SHIP.

Half Boat and Half Airplane—Gets Its Power From the Sea Itself.

Like one of Mr. H. G. Wells' fantastic dreams come true is the new ocean liner, half ship and half airplane, which has just been perfected by a French naval engineer after fifteen years of experiment.

It is claimed that this ingenious craft, which the inventor, M. Jean-Paul Michel, has christened "The Greyhound of the Sea," can cross the Atlantic in sixty hours, travelling at a minimum speed of fifty miles per hour. In appearance she resembles a submarine more than anything else, having a long, cigar-shaped body, with horizontal fins at the sides.

This strange vessel is now being built at the inventor's shipyards at Toulon, says London Answers. She is nearing completion, and as soon as she is ready, M. Michel intends to set out for New York, which he expects to reach in two days and three nights. As there is accommodation for some thirty persons, no doubt he will be accompanied by several passengers, in addition to the crew. The craft is driven by two aerial propellers, and will glide over the surface of the water in much the same way as a seaplane does.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of the vessel is that no fuel is carried with which to drive the main motor. By a new secret method, invented by M. Michel, sodium extracted from sea salt is converted into gas for the purpose of supplying power. On the forthcoming Atlantic trip a small quantity of oil will be carried in case of need, necessary to call the emergency motor into use.

According to M. Michel, there is an almost limitless supply of this sodium fuel in the ocean. Not only is it extremely cheap—the sole cost being that of its conversion into gas—but it also has the great advantages of being smokeless.

Although there are both air and water rudders for the purpose of steering, the under-water craft will be fitted as in the case of a ship. Flying is impossible for the "Greyhound," but in fine weather she will be able to skim along, just touching the crests of the waves. Slids fitted underneath will help the process of gliding.

Apart from the exception of a small promenade deck, the vessel is entirely enclosed, the interior being roomy and comfortable. The accommodation includes kitchens, bath-rooms, lounge, passengers' cabins, dining-room, bar, and radio-room.

Rhythm Without Melody.

A band of twelve small, totally deaf children, who devote their entire energy to producing a perfect rhythm and ignore the matter of melody has been organized in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf and is the culmination of an interesting experiment in instruction.

The children recently gave a concert in which they played a march, a dance, and a lullaby with three cymbals, one set of jingle bells, one drum, two tambourines, two triangles, and three miniature xylophones.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

T. Roy Barnes, favorite on the stage and screen, is seen in the chief comedy role of "SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE." Barnes is a member of the cast supporting Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

William Austin, who plays the role of Wimbledon in Cosmopolitan's "THE FLAMING FOREST," began his theatrical career in Shanghai, China.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

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And a special comedy.

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40-1

If Everybody Did It!

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

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GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE
Full Directions With Every Can
YOUR GROCER SELLS IT!
SOAP SOAP YOU'RE OWN MAKE

His Courtship

(Continued from page 3)

the haunted room had increased, with his knowledge of its history, to a keen eagerness to get at it, and he determined that that very night should find him in the shut off quarter of the house.

Mrs. Morningstar was now summoned from the room by Ollie's calling to her to "come lay over the dough."

"Gracious," cried Daisy, making a note in her book as the landlady departed reluctantly, "she's going to lay over the dough? No more bread for mine!"

CHAPTER XV.

TEN o'clock that night found Kinross in the haunted bedchamber. He had come to the room without further permission from Mrs. Morningstar than the reluctant half consent he had extracted from her at noon. The subject had not been broached between them again, so he had taken the law into his own hands, and soon after the family retired he carried his kerosene lamp down the long corridor which cut off the haunted part from the rest of the house and reached the fatal room.

He was relieved to find that the door was not locked. Once across the threshold he did not even glance about him until he had carefully closed the door behind him. Then, turning, he raised high his lamp.

The ghost herself, if she appeared in the course of his vigil, would not give him a greater shock of surprise than he received as his eye fell upon the opposite wall of the room. The last thing he would have expected to find in the vicinity of the Morningstar farm confronted him—a bookcase filled with books, a little library of classics, for even across the width of the room he could read the gilt lettered names, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Elliot, Browning and the rest.

The rest of the room—a bedchamber furnished in handsome old mahogany—was not in any way noteworthy save that there was something in its general aspect which seemed to give evidence of a higher grade of people than the Morgstars. There was nothing sufficiently grewsome about it, at least in the matter of its appointments, to suggest either a murder or a ghost. True, he felt an atmosphere of uncanniness about the place had not been for except on the theory that his imagination, filled with the account of the deed of horror these walls had witnessed, colored the room with all the sombreness of the tale.

He walked across the floor and, placing his lamp on the top of a low shelf, plunged into an examination of the bookshelves.

There were the novels of Scott, Dumas, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, the tales of Poe, Macaulay's "England," Gibbon's "Rome," Carlyle's "French Revolution," the plays of Shakespeare, many of the modern English and American poets, the works of Spenser, Milton and Pope, the "Canterbury Tales" and Johnson's "Lives of the British Poets."

Taking down a volume at random, he had a vague instinctive surprise at finding no dust on it. The fact had no definite significance at the moment, but later, in the light of other developments, he recalled the circumstance.

He had soon made a mental inventory of the lower shelves. The books were in good condition, though they showed signs of having been handled considerably.

"The parents of Eunice were at least not illiterate," he concluded.

He turned his attention to the topmost row of books, which was out of his reach. It consisted of a set of Balzac. He mounted a chair and, taking down a volume, was a little surprised to find that it was a French edition. The book was thick with dust, and its removal from the shelf had sent a little cloud of dust into his eyes. He had a passing wonder in the fact that the top shelf alone was dusty.

"Perhaps the ghost can't read French, but enjoys the English classics."

He turned the pages of the Balzac. It, too, however, showed signs of having been read, for it bore several marked passages.

Suddenly as he turned a leaf his eye fell upon, not a printed page, but a sheet of letter paper, yellow with age, closely covered with a feminine handwriting. He turned toward his lamp and read:

A CONFESSION.

I, Beatrice Daniels, make the following confession in the face of imminent death, being unable longer to live and bear the burden of my crime. My husband threatens to murder me if I confess our crime, and I myself would choose death at my own hands rather than languish in a prison, which is the fate my confession would bring upon me if I lived to face it. Therefore when this paper is found and read I shall be dead, either having taken my own life or having been murdered.

The child, Eunice—

Kinross started as at this instant his ear was suddenly caught by a faint sound in the corridor without—the sound, he thought, of an approaching light step. In a moment he had blown out his light and stepped down from his chair, folding and thrusting the paper into his pocket as he did so. One quick glance about him, and he slipped behind the high headboard of the old fashioned bed. There he waited motionless for the appearing of the spirit or whatever it was that was coming for the sound of approaching steps on the bare wooden floor of the hall was now quite unmistakable. It was not nice either. Of that he was sure as with tense expectation he waited and listened. So there was actually some foundation for this story of the ghost? Nonsense! Old Morningstar was coming to warn him away from the room perhaps. No; the step was too light for this. Who or what would he see? Would it come into this room? If it did not he would examine the hall.

He heard the latch of the door move and the door open and close very softly. The room was in absolute darkness, so of course he could see nothing. The light step came across the room to the front of the bed, and then suddenly a match was struck (he had a nasty doubt as to whether ghosts ever found it necessary to use matches), and a faint light spread through the room.

A silence followed. There was no further movement or sound of any sort. He waited for what seemed to him a long time. At last he stooped and peeped through a crack in the headboard. His eyes were caught by the light of a candle burning on the wide top of the footboard. And seated Turk fashion on the bed, her cheeks planted on her palms, her elbows on an open volume on her lap, was a feminine figure clad in a blue calico wrapper, with two thick braids of beautiful fair hair hanging over her shoulders. Eunice! For a moment he was bewildered. Questions and suppositions fairly jostled each other in his brain. Whether she had learned of his coming to this room and had followed him thither, why she was not fearful of the place, whether she was walking in her sleep, whether she was Eunice or the specter of Eunice's mother—

But gradually as with strained muscles he continued to watch and gaze at her his confusion cleared to some definite impressions. She was sitting there reading as composedly and quietly as though she were not more at home anywhere in the house than here in this room. She did not appear like one who had come for the first time into a haunted bedchamber. And there was an indefinable something in her way of turning the page of a book which suggested in some subtle way that she was used to handling books and accustomed to reading much.

There was something in the girl's aspect, in her unconsciousness of an observer, in her relaxed and girlish form, in the childlike innocence and sweetness of her face, that thrilled

Scarlet Turk fashion on the bed.

Kinross with a sudden sense of a unique loveliness. His nerves tingled as he realized his bolstering her eyesight with this exquisite young creature.

He carefully raised himself from his stooping position and leaned against the wall. How was he to reveal himself without too greatly startling her? The shock or fright of suddenly beholding a man in the room when she supposed herself alone—at the hour of midnight, too—might actually injure her. Yet he must not any longer leave her unaware of his presence.

The problem solved itself by his accidentally touching the headboard at this moment with his elbow. Instantly he thought to reassure her by quietly speaking her name without abruptness.

"Eunice, it is only I. Don't be alarmed."

He stepped out into sight as he spoke. She had sprung to her feet and stood panting with alarm, her eyes wide and startled, her cheeks pallid.

"He spoke again in a matter of fact way, calculated to disarm her fear. 'I'm very sorry I've frightened you. I came here to meet the ghost. Are you it?' he smiled.

She sank limply against the bed. "I thought," she breathed, "that *you* were it."

At the sound of her own voice she seemed to recover herself. Her face was bright with color now, and her eyes were brilliant. He saw almost with amusement that she found no cause for alarm or displeasure at his presence.

He drew an old dusty chair to the bedside and sat down before her, folding his arms.

She leaned comfortably against the foot of the bed. Evidently she saw no objection to a midnight chat with him. She seemed to him in her innocent acceptance of the situation as ignorant of evil as an angel.

There seemed so much that he wanted to ask her that he hardly knew where to begin. But with a trifle less than her usual timidity before him she took the initiative.

"You were in this room when I came in, weren't you?" she asked, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Yes—in quest of the ghost."

"But the room was dark."

He pointed to his lamp on the bookshelf. "I blew it out when I heard you coming, thinking I was going to encounter the specter."

"You didn't know, did you, that you would—would find me here tonight?"

Again that note of wistfulness with which he was beginning to grow familiar.

"No more expected it than I expected to meet the czar of Russia."

She appeared so disappointed to hear it that he hastened to add, "It's the most delightful surprise I ever had in my life."

She beamed upon him frankly. "You are pleased?" Evidently she wanted him to repeat it.

"To say I am 'pleased' would be false. I am overjoyed."

"Why?"

He was much entertained at her venturing to put him through a catechism.

"How can you ask when for four days you have made it impossible for me to have three minutes' talk with you?"

"You have wanted to talk with me?"

Her eyes were not mournful now, but luminous with happiness.

"Haven't you wanted to talk to me?" he inquired.

"Oh!" she breathed as though her feelings were too deep for utterance.

Being a modern man, he found himself quite unable to interpret her.

"Much good it does me to want to talk to you," he said ruefully, "when I have to search you out in a haunted room at midnight in order to do it. Why do you make it so difficult?"

"I have not meant to make it difficult. Oh, no, indeed. But you know I am kept very closely at work."

"I know. That is why haven't you come out to me in the evenings—to the spring house or to the terrace by the gate?"

"I think," she said, her color deepening and her eyes falling, "it wouldn't have been—maidenly."

"Well, then, at least you might be about somewhere where I could come to you."

"Abe keeps a jealous watch upon me," she said without looking up.

"Abe? Abe be hanged!"

"And then," she added, her head sinking a little lower, "I would not wish to obtrude myself when all your mind must be occupied with—with the girl you said you loved."

"What?" he asked, puzzled. "Oh, you refer to Miss Georgiana?" He laughed. "Georgiana also be—blessed, I should say. I tell you, Eunice, the one and only thing I have desired since I first clapped eyes on you has been to go on with that talk."

"Let us go on with it now," she said, a deep contentment radiating from her at his words.

"All right." He relaxed and leaned back more comfortably in his own chair, resting his forehead on his fingers and looking as complacently satisfied as she did.

"But"—again she said timidly, "I would ask a promise of you."

"Yes, Eunice."

"Will you not betray to Mr. or Mrs. Morningstar that you were no lonely—"

"Why don't you wish them to know?" he asked, feeling his complacency disturbed by her apparent cowardice.

"They would be very angry."

"Why need you care for that?"

"But they would stop my coming in the future. I have kept them from knowing these many years."

"These many years! You have been in the habit of coming to this room?"

"Every night for many years."

"Alas!" he exclaimed. "Then you are the ghost! The flickering light seen at the windows by passersby is your candle!"

"Yes."

"What did you come for?"

"To read."

He sat upright in his chair. "For many years you have been reading the books in this room?"

"Yes."

He stared at her for an instant spellbound with astonishment. Then he sank back in his chair, fitting together the tips of his fingers, a habit of his when trying to think things out.

"I see," he said slowly. "I see."

He asked her a question abruptly. "Why would the Morningstars stop it if they knew?"

"They would think it made me less strong to work for them—staying up at night. You do not tell them?" she repeated anxiously.

"Of course I shall not tell—that goes without saying, child. But," he asked curiously, "were you never afraid to come here—knowing the place was haunted?"

"I had great fear. But my longing to read the books was even greater."

"Your refusal to tell me the other evening how you came by the books you had read—you were afraid I might betray you?"

"Always the great dread has been upon me of having this only pleasant thing in my life taken away from me. It has never occurred to me that I could trust you now," she said with a restrained eagerness, "with any secret I had—I would trust you to—to the uttermost!"

"Thank you, Eunice," he answered gravely, an odd feeling of pleasure stirring in his heart.

He drew himself up and leaned toward the bookcase, examining in the light of his new knowledge their titles. "So then it has been your secret reading that has made of you such an anomaly in the midst of these Morningstars. Living among them, but never of them, your mental life has been spent in the world of fiction and history and poetry. Yes," he nodded, "I begin to see daylight now."

As a psychologist he felt an almost exciting interest in her as he sat and studied, with her peculiar mental equipment of a really extensive knowledge of literature, combined with an absolute ignorance of actual life, and the affectional and emotional side of her nature left utterly dormant.

"Will you tell me," she timidly urged, "whether you have been told the story of this room? I know there is a story connected with it, but it has always been kept from me."

Although Kinross held it to be an old fogy notion that a girl should be guarded from all knowledge of evil, yet he had an instinctive aversion to pouring into the ears of this childlike maiden the story of the crime which Mrs. Morningstar had related to him.

On second thoughts, however, why should he hesitate when she had nerves steady enough to meet a ghost and a will so firm that in all these years she had kept the secret of her surreptitious reading, unconsciously educating herself thereby possibly far beyond what many a girl gained from a systematic schooling? Surely the girl had a back bone of her, with her courage to face a ghost, her love of books so strong as to overcome obstacles that would have daunted any ordinary character, and her native refinement of thought and instinct which he felt in her presence so keenly.

But he bethought him of another reason why he did not wish to repeat to her at present the Morningstar story. There was the paper he had thrust into his pocket at the sound of her step in the hall bearing that "confession." Until he had read that he would rather not tell her nothing.

"Will you wait," he begged her, "and let me think it over first before I tell you what I know? Believe me," he added as he saw her look of disappointment, "that I hold your welfare sacred and that in asking you to wait I do what seems to me to be for your good."

He was surprised at the glow which irradiated her countenance at his words. She was so unused to being considered, he reflected, that a mere tone of kindness called forth all the latent brightness of her soul. Little did he dream how his words sang in her ears, "I hold your welfare sacred," and that the music of the spheres could not have seemed to her more wonderful in spite of the fact that since that night on the terrace her heart had been heavy with the knowledge that he loved Georgiana.

A will was born in her unwonted thrill in her voice that held him with its spell, "until you are ready to tell me."

A disturbing possibility had suddenly occurred to him. Surely if the "confession" he encountered to anything Eunice would herself have found it out. He had supposed that he had come upon a discovery, and he felt a pang of disappointment as he realized the probability of his having been mistaken.

"Those books on the top shelf, those Balzacs," he suddenly said, "they were the only books I found dusty. Ah, of course," he added, "you don't read French; that's it!"

Then perhaps, after all, she had never seen this paper in his breast pocket—extraordinary, indeed, if during all these years the secret of her history should have thus been within her reach and yet escaped her. A desire came to him to take it out and read it with her, but he thought better of it.

"You know nothing really of yourself—your name, your origin, your life before you were left here with the Morningstars?"

A pensive droop to her lips as she shook her head was her answer. After a moment she looked up at him, her eyes almost solemn as she spoke. "You say it is good that you have withheld for the time what you know of this room. It is, then, as I have often suspected, bound up in some way with my life?"

He hesitated an instant. "Let us not speak of it just yet, Eunice."

"Very well," she acquiesced gently. "I have so often wished," she added, "that, if inanimate things can really make an impression upon the lives of the people that use them and afterward give out those impressions, this place would speak to me of its history."

It was not to be wondered at that her ideas were thus fantastic, he thought. The effect of her desultory reading upon one who lived a life as isolated from the world as a nun in a cloistered convent was left undisciplined by any other mental exercise was so curious as to be almost phenomenal.

"But do you know how soon you can tell me?" she asked.

"Probably next time we can be one together. And don't let it be a week from now. When and where shall it be?"

"Is this room tomorrow night?" she suggested.

"Can't you come to me on the terrace again?" he proposed, quite unwilling to expose her to the scandal which must arise if they were found alone in this chamber in the small hours of the night.

"We would not be interrupted or in any way disturbed here," she said, her clear eyes so innocent of any impropriety in her proposal that he would not have suggested it to her than he would have offered poison to a babe.

"You know," she added, "they all have great fear of this part of the house. On the terrace we might be seen. Abe"—

She stopped short as though to ward off an approach from Abe.

But Kinross realized that perhaps she was right. They ran little or no risk of interruption in this room.

"Let us meet here, then, tomorrow night, and I will tell you what I can."

He was conscious of the fact that the new sense of their talk had seemed to him like one roused out of a long torpor, like a drooping wild flower reviving under a soft rain.

"Do you know, Eunice, it isn't true—what you told me the other night—that you have no education. You have read and, I have reason to believe, assimilated the best of English letters."

"You call me educated?" she asked, with interest.

"Technically an educated person is no doubt one who knows the multiplication tables. I am not sure that you do."

She shook her head sadly. "No," she humbly acknowledged. "And I can't spell either."

"Your education is dreadfully one sided," he said, smiling. "But take comfort. This is the day for specialties. I believe that your knowledge of English is at least rather thorough."

"Would it serve me in supporting myself?" she eagerly asked.

"Surely. The wonder to me is that you have not through some occult process learned to read those Balzacs."

She looked at him dubiously.

(Continued on page 6).

HEROINES.

Actions of These Ladies Will Surprise You.

Next time an unkind fate sends you to bed for a few days with a cold or other trouble, don't fret and grumble at the weariness of the slowpassing hours. Get hold of two or three novels, a pad and pencil, and (don't trouble over much about the story) give your attention to the heroine. The odds are that they'll surprise you. And time, because of your interest in the ladies, will move on apace.

Here is one lady. On the very first page her eyes "flashed fire." Then, on the second page, she "rose him with a look." Versatile!

One must infer that he thawed presently, and possibly it was that which made her "boil over with rage."

She quietened down, however, for on page five she "drew on her dignity." Seem queer, and almost unkind, but people have a right to do what they will with their own.

On page nine her face was "black as night." The changeable sex, for a fact!

Then—this almost follows, for she must have been getting tired — she "shrugged her shoulders, and let her hands drop." Not a word as to whether, with this look of despair, the hero picked them up and restored them to her.

A few lines farther on there was another accident. "She gave him one searching look, and then her eyes fell." There must have been bits of her everywhere for it wasn't long before she "threw away the last shreds of her self-control."

On page eleven she "drew herself up." That was quite right, because from the story it was apparent that the man had let her down. One of those embezzling trustees, you know.

Heroines are interesting!

WILY CHINESE WAYS

Opiumgos, Containing Opium, Were Thrown Into Harbor—Fishermen Smuggled Them In.

The most subtle smugglers in the world, says R. M. Macdonald in an article in Chambers' Journal, are the Chinese, who long ago brought the smuggling trade to a fine art. The simple Celestial works, effects his purpose, and disappears in a manner that fills the excise officials and to-day plies the trade of smuggling wherever it pleases him to do so, under the very eyes of those paid to prevent him.

In Sydney, Australia, recently the writer was living in a suburb on the harbor just inside the famous heads called "the Gates." All vessels from overseas anchor here for medical inspection and preliminary customs examination before proceeding to their berths, eight miles farther up the harbor, but trams, motors and ferries also connect the little marine township with the city.

One day I was lazily fishing in a small boat about a hundred yards from the beach, a steamer sailed in from China, via Singapore, and dropped anchor nearby to await the usual formalities. There were several Chinamen also fishing near. The Government launch came out from shore with the port doctor and other officials, and the Chinese crew on board the big ship were working strenuously in preparation for berthing.

In about half-an-hour the vessel was proceeding slowly and unofficially on her journey up the harbor, leaving behind, in the water its propellers had churned up, the contents of a case of opium which somehow had fallen through the scuppers.

An orange floated near me, and I picked it out of the water and dropped it as usual into the bottom of the P. and O. liner came through the heads, and, as the proximity of big steamers spoiled the fishing, I pulled ashore. I noticed that the Chinamen, before giving up their fishing collected all the floating oranges, and I marvelled somewhat, as the fruit was very poor in appearance compared with the Sydney-grown variety. Those mind was left undisciplined by any other mental exercise was so curious as to be almost phenomenal.

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(Continued on page 6).

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INDIA TAKES TO SHOES

Great Demand for Shoes Made From Old Tyres — Leather Shoes Are Too Expensive.

Shoe fashions are changing in Bengal, India. Now, so very long ago, shoes were the insignia of modernism, and only those with pretensions to western education wore leather shoes. The majority much preferred the wooden sandal at home, and the poorer classes all went barefooted. Now, the barefoot era is passing, and all are becoming addicted to shoes.

The prices of shoes, however, are beyond the reach of the poor, who do not want the old-fashioned slipper, embroidered in plain, that every "mochi" makes, but the modern Oxford shoes. Only the extravagant among them include a pair of these shoes in their frugal wardrobe, and the shoes are kept for use, weather permitting, on high days and holidays.

They are sparingly used, and when the wearer encounters a stream or a pool of slush that he must ford on foot he hardly removes his shoes and does so barefooted.

Peasants in India generally regard footwear as an ornament, and shoes are not much in vogue among them. Of course, there are more persons wearing shoes than there were, say, twenty years ago, but the price of shoes manufactured locally is still beyond the economic market for the poorer classes in India.

In fact, the local manufacturers of boots and shoes find it impossible to compete with the Continental manufacturers, principally German, who have a secret process of splitting hides and of tanning. Where the German manufacturer can make five pairs of shoes out of a single piece of hide, the Indians can only make two.

A significant commentary on the price of Indian-made shoes and shoes of Continental manufacture was provided recently when a representative of a Czecho-Slovakian firm in Bombay registered his first order in Calcutta for no less than a million pairs of shoes, showing that the firm was confident that the output of that no Indian manufacturer of shoes could hope to secure the order by bidding them. The Czecho-Slovakian manufacturers were prepared to deliver shoes at prices ranging from Rs. 2½ to Rs. 4-8 (from $1 to $2) in Calcutta. The market for the masses thus seems to have been captured by Continental manufacturers of shoes.

The masses in India, however, still regard shoes as redundant, unless obtainable at prices at a level with those they pay for the "mochi"-made slippers.

A substitute has now been found for leather, and old motor-car tyres are now in great demand for making soles. Canvas is used instead of leather for uppers. The tyres are cut open and pressed, and then the soles are cut. In stitching the canvas uppers to these soles, the shoes are at the side, so that the shoes last until the rubber sole is worn out.

There is such a large demand for these shoes that a large trade has sprung up between Calcutta and Eastern Bengal, and thousands of lots of shoes are being despatched daily to places in Eastern Bengal. These shoes are sold at Rs. 1-8 to Rs. 1-12 (50c to 60c.)

The Indian manufacturers of leather shoes have in the manufacturers of shoes with canvas uppers and motor-car tyre rubber soles more formidable rivals than the Continental shoemakers. The imposition of a duty on shoes and leather imported into India could, perhaps, effectively check Continental competitors, but there is no remedy in tariffs for the price war that the makers of soles out of old motor-car tyres are in a position to wage against them.

Indeed, the vogue for these rubber-soled shoes is said to be so great that many prophesy the doom, also, of the wooden sandal.

HAPPY SOLOMON ISLANDERS

Wonderful Dances Participated In by Natives—Have Many Oddities

Their Quaint Idiom.

Twenty years of his life was spent in the Solomon Island by R. F. Thomson, and in an article from his pen, published in the London Daily Mail, he describes very graphically the oddities of and also the wonderful dances participated in by the natives.

Trifles do not trouble the native of the British Solomons when he desires to express himself in the bêche-de-mer language, as he goes right to the point. Just as the French so expressively call a bowler hat a chapeau melon, so the native describes a bald-headed man as "that fellar master no got grass along cocoanut."

The crupper on the back of a hack is dubbed "bridle-be-long-tail." If the bread set overnight by the native cook refuses to rise, he explains to his mistress: "Bread ih no get up this morning; he lay down all the time."

When corsets were familiar to the native Mary (woman) immediately formed a mental picture, and "harness-belong-missus" was her verdict. Some native girls employed by a trader in the Solomon Islands, thinking that this article of raiment would suit their supple figures, purchased a supply of pink-and-blue corsets and scandalized the community by wending their way to church and appearing there with beautiful red and yellow hibiscus flowers in their hair, beaming smiles which disclosed ivory like teeth, and the much-coveted "harness" laced up outside of their pinafores instead of underneath.

The first cross-cut saw these natives beheld puzzled them very much to name. They were told by one of the traders to place it across a log and to push and pull it. They did so, and added another name to their dictionary—"push-him-be-go, pull-him-be-come."

The pound note, being made only of paper, is hated very whole-heartedly in the Islands. The natives call all paper currency "money gammon." A hard silver shilling is much more acceptable to them and is called "money true."

Natives dances, for all this naïveté, are full of art. At Santa Anna and Santa Catalina Islands, south of the Solomon group, the natives on special occasions put on in the village square a ceremonial dance well worth attention. These people have a record tracing their descent from apes.

The dances at first is ordinary enough and consists of men dancing round in a circle. Suddenly a cry is heard and out of the jungle appear another set of entertainers who look like monkeys. They are clad in strips of trees and are covered with cocoanut fibre and red ochre. These men, whose appearance even to the spread of the big toes is simian, represent the tree dwellers who are said to have come from their leafy homes to cohabit with the Polynesian maidens from the seaside villages.

Another dance is the "Belama" dance. Belama is the local name for the frigate bird.

One of these birds is supposed to have been wounded by a shark when soaring down upon a school of mullet. The wounded bird, in a large circle, distend their arms in a peculiar curve like the agile of the bird, and, with a long-drawn-out cries of this huge sea-bird. So perfect is their acting that you begin to feel that you are looking at a flock of feathered birds and not at a number of semi-nude natives. With frantic cries the wounded bird seems to ask the others to put it out of its misery. The human birds dance round faster and ever faster with cries that one hears only from fish-eating birds until finally one of the dancers sways into the middle of the circle and despatches the poor wounded mates.

These rhythmical dances will perhaps be forgotten by the rising generation in a few years.

THE PYGMY PEOPLE.

Have Woolly Hair Like Negroes, But Are a Distinct Race.

Pygmies are the smallest race of mankind. They once inhabited a large portion of the globe, but their natural timidity and smallness of stature gradually forced them into such remote spots as Central Africa, the Andaman Islands, Malaysia and the Philippines, where the natural inaccessibility of the region rather than their own prowess has saved them. Although they have dark skins and woolly hair like Negroes, they are a distinct race. At most they grow to five feet in height.

The women do the fields and gather the crops, while the men sit at home smoking long cigars. The nights do not like sunlight, and so they are rarely seen abroad. During the rainy season they dont go out at all.

They eat one meal a day, the women bring in raw potatoes and herbs and the whole village gathers round the spot chosen as a communal kitchen. A fire is lighted, stones are heated, and the food is cooked between the stones and fern leaves. When it is ready everybody dips in, helps himself with forks, and eats as much as desired.

A tribe discovered recently in Dutch New Guinea were not at all hostile and were very hospitality to the explorers. They were keenly interested in everything, from clothes, firearms, and cigars and matches to the bell of a portable typewriter. Swimming was a novelty to them, and they knew nothing of writing.

The Crystal's Secret.

The curious power of certain crystals to allow an electric current to pass through them in one direction only in one direction, and so to detect a wireless signal, has been a source of mystery for years, and many scientists have tried to discover the secret.

It has now been discovered that galena crystals, which are most sensitive, contain an excessive amount of sulphur, and it is thought that it may be minute quantities of sulphur which form the marvellously sensitive wireless detector.

It is only four years since Dr. Sheppard discovered that minute specks of sulphur were the cause of the wonderful sensitiveness to light of the silver salts used in photography.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

His Courtship

(Continued from page 5)

"You never even glanced into them?"

"Long ago. I used to take one down occasionally and wish I could read it."

Had it been fortunate or unfortunate for her, he wondered, that she had missed this "confession" in his pocket? That remained to be seen, and he was eager to be alone in his room to read it. He felt a reluctance to bringing this interesting tete-a-tete to an end, but he must without delay be alone to read the secret in his pocket. He rose from his chair.

"It's getting awfully late, Eunice. I'd better go now. We will meet here tomorrow night then? At what time?"

"I can come as soon as Ollie falls asleep. She was restless last night, and it made me late. She is usually quiet by half past 8 at the latest."

"I shall be waiting for you here at that time. And now I think you'd better get some rest and not stop here to read."

He held out his hand to her. "Good night."

Without rising from the bed she laid her slim fingers in his, and he clasped them for an instant as he looked down into her eyes upraised to his. There was something in her passionate gaze, "pure as the fire," which at his own pulse to bounding and which made him feel for the first time in her presence the full force of a fascinating personality, the charm of a most sweet womanhood.

He clasped her hand almost fiercely, then turned away abruptly and went from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEATED on the side of his bed, his lamp burning on the bureau at his elbow, Dr. Hugh Kinross, in the small hours of the morning, read the paper he had found in the haunted room.

Both the wording of it and the penmanship gave evidence that the writer was a person of some education, though at times her phraseology was stilted, bookish and even a little melodramatic.

The child, Eunice, is not ours. For the sake of the moneyed reward which we knew would undoubtedly be offered for her recovery by her wealthy father we stole her away from her home. Her mother died at her birth, and, being a trained nurse, was employed by the father to come to his house and take entire charge of the baby. Where he picked up said I secretly married her father's secretary, whose learning and brilliant talents attracted me almost to the point of hypnotizing me, and together we hatched the scheme of stealing the child as a means of extracting money from the father. But an unforeseen event threw all our well laid plan. On the very night of our flight with the child her father was killed in a railroad accident. Somehow the story got out that he had his child with him, and the mutilated body of a three-year-old was actually found in the wreck and identified as Eunice by some of the servants of the household. In this turn of affairs his entire large fortune went to the half sister of Eunice's father, a single woman of about thirty who lived alone in Washington.

We wrote to her and told her what we had done and offered to give up the child for a certain sum, but whether she didn't believe us or whether it served her purpose better not to have the child recovered I do not know. We have never had any answer to our repeated communications to her. It is now four months since we came away with the child, and we have accomplished nothing.

We are living here incognito on this out of the way Pennsylvania farm.

It is my wish to take Eunice to her aunt. The lady has seen the child several times in her visits of a few days each to her brother's home in New York, and of course she would remember me as her caretaker. She always seemed very fond of Eunice, and in her namesake I do not believe she would deliberately do her the wrong of keeping her out of her inheritance. If I do not soon take Eunice to her the child will have changed past recognition. I cannot longer endure the burden of the crime I have committed. I must make amends. But my husband will not let me expose us both to the risk of punishment, and he still hopes to make profit out of the child. He says he will murder me before he will let me confess our crime. I never would have done this wrong of myself. I have been led into it through my insane passion for this diabolically clever and conscienceless man. Tonight must decide my fate. I shall either depart for Washington with the child or else I shall die either by my own hand or that of my husband. I leave this confession, which I trust will escape my husband's eye and fall into the hands of honest people.

I shall now write here every fact which may serve to restore Eunice to her rights. The suit of clothes which I took from my employer's desk the night I fled will be found pinned to the child's clothing. I also used in paying the expenses which may be involved in restoring her to her aunt. In case of failure to prove her identity, to support her until she is able to take care of herself.

"Four thousand dollars!" mused Kinross, his face pale with the excitement of the story. "The yearly interest of that sum would have more than paid the girl's board in this meager household. And they have made a slave of her, not once allowing her to go to the public school!"

He felt a ghoulish glee in the thought of confronting old Morningstar with his discovery.

He read on:

The father of the child was the late S. S. Wolcott, Esq., of the New York city bar. His half sister is Miss Eunice Wolcott of — avenue, Washington.

Miss Wolcott can identify the child by the two little scabs on her right knee which her left ear, for I once heard her say that she had the baby on her lap that Mr. Wolcott had two moles in exactly the same spot.

The little necklace and locket which will be found on the child were given her by Miss Wolcott and contain her photograph and the child's.

I solemnly affirm that what I have here written is true.

BEATRICE DANIELS.

A date twenty years back was affixed to the paper.

Kinross' heart thumped in his breast, and he sat transfixed as the hand which held the paper fell to his knees.

Eunice was the niece of Miss Eunice Wolcott, whom he had known all his life. They had lived neighbors in the city of Washington. Eunice a Wolcott! Incredible! The foster child of Mrs. Morningstars a Wolcott, than whom a prouder race had never developed out of that best load of Immigrants that the Mayflower had dumped on Plymouth Rock! Eunice was an heiress if her identity could be proved, and Miss Wolcott would own her. He suddenly saw, with clearness, the plight of Miss Wolcott in this discovery of her niece, and a cold fear crept over him that there might be some difficulty in restoring to Eunice her inheritance. It would have been a difficult enough if it had been attempted at the time this confession was made. But after all these years? He had been a youth of eighteen when Miss Wolcott had come into her fortune, and he remembered well how it had changed her mode of living from a style of modest dignity to a luxurious elegance. How, after all these years of lavishness, could she go back to a simple habit of life? And then the hurt to her pride of race (which in the absence of anything more substantial to be proud of she had nourished and brooded upon almost morbidly) to have to own kinship with a girl reared in such a sordid environment as that of this farm, with less knowledge of the world than any servant of her establishment. He had a lifesome memory of Miss Wolcott's motherly warnings to himself in his callow youth against "dragging in the mire" his fine old family name by his lamentable lack of that "exclusiveness" which, she assured him, had characterized his mother of blessed memory and both his paternal and maternal grandmothers. It was on the occasion of his having brought home from college for the holidays that splendid fellow, John Lowry, a diamond in the rough, and in his pride in Lowry's friendship having taken him to call on Miss Wolcott, who, with her literary tastes and extensive travel, he was sure would appreciate his brilliant college mate, instead of which he had brought on himself long philosophic homilies upon the duty incumbent upon "the old families" to preserve their exclusiveness and not to admit into their sacred circle any vulgar new element. When, with youthful enthusiasm, he had rebutted her theories as narrow, old fashioned and so forth she had pinned him down to the fundamental question, "Do you or do you not believe in blood, Peter Kinross?"

"I do! The blood that makes true men and women, not the blood that makes snobs!" With which parting shot he had left her, and the coolness between them thereafter had never been overcome.

He remembered his cynical reflection at the time of her brother's death. "She'll think the angels in heaven will feel honored at the arrival of a Wolcott!"

Yet he found himself just now, perhaps, inconsistently patting himself on the head for his perspicacity in having recognized that Eunice was of no common stock.

He himself had no doubt of the truth of the "confession" and of Eunice's identity with the stolen child. But while the moral evidence seemed clear and convincing, would it be sufficient without the legal proof which he recognized was lacking to persuade Miss Wolcott of her duty to give up a fortune after nineteen years' possession of it? Here would be a test of the "good blood" of which she was so proud.

"It would be more than common honesty; it would be heroic. But if she takes after her niece she won't lack the heroism!"

The fact that the communications to Miss Wolcott of Daniels, Mrs. Morningstar's trained nurse, had been ignored did not promise well for Eunice's case just now.

Kinross threw himself back on his pillow and clasped his hands under his head. No use to undress—he couldn't sleep. The thought of this girl, brought up as a servant to the Morningstars, her marriage to their son opposed because her poverty made her "not good enough fur our Abe," her ignorance of life combined with her knowledge of books making her unique to the point of being pathetic—this young creature suddenly find herself a great heiress. The speculations which the situation gave rise to drove sleep far from his brain. Would she be good enough for "our Abe" when her story was known? His chuckled when he thought of old Morningstar's earnest endeavors to hang himself, metaphorically speaking, by opposing his son's marriage to a great fortune.

"She may imagine she's in love with that fellow Abe, never having seen any other sort of men, but of course a few months in 'the world' will cure her."

He wondered whether he would do well to tell her at once all that he knew of her or to wait until he had seen Miss Wolcott and learned whether or not there was going to be difficulty about bringing her own way. It would be cruel to raise her hopes before there was some assurance of their being realized. He would do well to put her off on the morrow night in the haunted room with as little as would satisfy her for the time being. He would then communicate at once with Miss Wolcott. If she was spending the summer at her Newport house he would run on to see her immediately. If she were abroad (she frequently spent the summer in Switzerland) he would cable her to return home at once on important financial business.

"A good thing for Eunice that this matter has fallen into my hands," he thought, "one wholly disinterested and with time, inclination and, I flatter myself, skill to work the thing out for her in the best possible way, not merely for the fun of the excitement of the case, though there that side of it, too, but for the spice that there is in seeing a beastly wrong righted."

He fell to wondering what had become of the husband of "Beatrice Daniels," whether her death had been a suicide or a murder and whether if the man could be found his presence would lend any proof to the "confession."

The oil in his lamp was nearly burned out as he reached this point in his meditations, and he rose, blew out the flickering light and in the dawn of the early morning flung off his clothes.

CHAPTER XVII.

KINROSS rose so late next morning that the early 11 o'clock dinner of the household served for his breakfast.

Miss Ellery and Miss Parks when they took their places were eager to hear of his adventures of the night before.

"Was there anything doing in the haunted room last night?" Daisy eagerly inquired. "And were you game, Pete, or did you cut and run?"

"Och," exclaimed Mrs. Morningstar, aghast, "now you didn't sleep over there, after all, did you? I didn't hear you make any, and you was in your room till (when) we got up already this morning."

"Yes," answered Pete, surreptitiously watching Eunice's face opposite him as he spoke. He observed that Abe, at her side, was nearly dislocating his eyeballs trying to look at her without betraying himself by turning his head. Her habitual manner of utter withdrawal from her surroundings was unchanged today, though he fancied he detected a quivering of her lashes as he spoke.

"You really did have the fine courage to sleep in that room?" Georgiana asked, leaning toward him across the table, with her smile and tone of inviting his confidence.

"I didn't do so very much at sleepin'," he answered.

"Did the spirits keep you awake?" she asked indulgently.

Mrs. Morningstar had dropped her knife on her plate and was staring at him apprehensively, while Mr. Morningstar suspended his onslaught upon his food as he awaited his story. Abe and Ollie also fixed their eyes upon him wonderingly. Eunice was the only one who did not look at him.

"Did you see it, Doc?" Mrs. Morningstar asked breathlessly, evidently forgetting in her anxious interest her objections to Eunice's hearing anything of the story of the room.

"I seen it, yes, ma'am," Peter answered.

"Oh, tell us about it!" cried Daisy. "What did it do? And what did you do?"

"I sat it was it the spook, and it sayed it was. Then I sat it would it set, and it sot. Then I sat would it have a drink, and it sayed it didn't drink. 'A cigarette? I sat. Didn't smoke, it sayed. Ain't up to date, I take it. I guess where thinks anything of theirselfs these days smokes cigarettes, I says."

"Oh, a lady, was it?" exclaimed Daisy. "Did you have a sympathetic time with her? Go on; tell us."

"Want some more?" he inquired amiably. "Well, then, I sat her would she play solitaire with me. Didn't gamble, neither, she says."

"Oh, there, Peter—skiddoo!" cried Daisy. "Now, stop jollying us and tell us what you did really see—please," she begged. "Were you up against anything? You're not sorry I ever know we're you're so jollying us."

"No use my tellin' you if you don't blee' me," Peter returned, ostentatiously holding a huge slice of bread on his palm and spreading butter all over it.

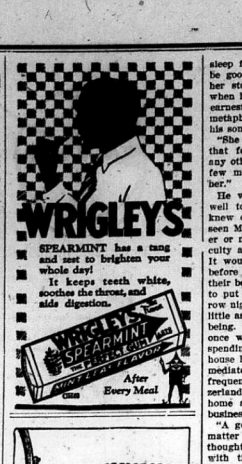
"I shall sleep there tonight!" Daisy declared. "I'm game! And I'll fix that ghost! I only wish it were a man!" she sighed.

"No, you don't, neither!" exclaimed Mrs. Morningstar. "I'll venture down that there hall myself and make the door locked before I'll leave no more boarders sleep in there! I'm all worried up with thinkin' Doc was in there last night. I get it in my nerves so ugly if I'm worried up!" she said plaintively.

Peter felt a bit "worried up" himself at the thought of his prospective visit with Eunice that night being interfered with either by the locking of the door or, worse still, by the irrepressible Daisy Parks coming to call on him.

"What's the matter, pop?" he asked, thinking to divert attention from the discussion of the room to the grotesque appearance of the head of the family, whose neck was wrapped in red flannel and who was mixing himself a dose of whisky and water.

"I ain't so good," Mr. Morningstar answered hoarsely. "I took the cold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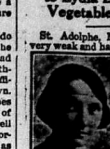

St. Adolphe, Manitoba.—"I was very weak and had great pains during my periods so that I could scarcely keep on the floor. The pains were in the left side and extended to the left and then downwards. It seemed as if the left was heavy and upside down. It is for these troubles I took the Vegetable Compound. I saw about it in a paper and one woman prevailed on me to take it. It has helped me in every way, the pains are less, and I have more appetite. It is a pleasure to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to other women."—Mrs. L. Cornacchia, St. Adolphe, Manitoba.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

KINROSS had time to become very restless while he waited that night in the haunted room before Eunice made her appearance. He was rather apprehensive lest the curiosity of some of the household about this room might lead to his being discovered there alone with the girl. For her sake he would greatly dislike the appearance of it.

It was quite 1 o'clock before he heard her light step in the long hall outside the room.

When at last she stood before him he was held spellbound for an instant by the radiance of her face. Warmth, color, happiness, took the place of the pale, passive, remote aspect she ordinarily wore. Her whole person seemed to breathe her eagerness to hear the story he had to tell her. At least so he interpreted it.

He placed a chair for her, the only one in the room, and sat down himself on the foot of the bed.

He felt rather at a loss as to how he should deal with her. It was hard to have to disappoint the bright expectation of that pretty young face.

"Would it mean anything to you, Eunice," he began, surprised at himself to note how his voice instinctively softened when he spoke to her as one would naturally modify one's tones in speaking to a timid, sensitive child, "to be told you were born of very good blood?"

"Why should it not?"

"But the isolation from the world can you possibly have learned the significance of such a fact?"

"It means, doesn't it, that my parents were people of gentle and noble minds?"

"Well," he smiled, "we do not always attach just that meaning to it. Some very degenerate families are proud of their good blood."

"Meaning merely their inherited rank? You know," she nodded. "But—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that.

"I should like to know that there is no taint of dishonor in my blood."

"You have the comforting knowledge. Your father was a New York lawyer of high standing and stainless reputation."

Her face glowed at his words.

"I have a pride in it," she answered him.

"You may well have. Now," he went on, "as to the current story about this room: I'm not disinclined with you. And will tell you what it is."

He told her then nearly all that he knew, withholding only her prospects of great wealth and the source of his knowledge of her. If she knew of the existence of the "confession" he had found she would have a right to see it. He did not wish her to see it until he had ascertained what the probability was that her aunt would recognize her claims.

Eunice heard him with breathless attention. But the break in the continuity of his story bewildered her. "But how, then, did you come to learn what you say is unknown to all others—that this man and woman who brought me here were not my parents and that I am the daughter of a New York lawyer, from whom they stole me away in my baby days?"

"I can't tell you that tonight, Eunice, how I came by my knowledge. It is better that I do not—just yet. Trust me and have patience."

She looked at him, the brightness of her face unclouded by his denial, but she did not reply.

"You do trust me?"

"Why should I not?" she asked, with naïve surprise.

"In fact," he responded, "I don't know just why you should. You don't know anything about me."

"I know everything about you," sprang from her, "and nothing."

"Now," he protested, "that sounds as subtle as though it came from Georgiana. What does it mean?"

"With my heart I know you." With my head I don't understand you at all."

"You pay me the highest compliment if your unsullied heart teaches you an intuitive trust of me. With your head you don't understand me?" he questioned her curiously.

"I don't understand why, if you love Miss Ellery, you should go out of your way to avoid her, even disguising yourself and feigning uncouthness."

Her simplicity afforded him the liveliest entertainment.

"So that has been bothering you, has it? Well, you see, I came here to be quiet, and Miss Ellery isn't, just to say, a restful person."

She looked unenlightened. "But you love people who are not restful?"

"I don't always love to be with them."

"Am I restful?"

She asked it with her look and tone of artlessness which he was learning to watch for in talking to her.

"If I told you you were, what inference would you draw? You are such an alarmingly logical little person one has to be wary for to be trapped into all sorts of admissions one wouldn't dream of making."

"Is it a commendation to be told you are restful? I would suppose that people who come for something in our lives do not rest us. They stir us."

She spoke with evident feeling. Surely, surely, she was not thinking of Abe! He would not believe it.

"And we like to be stirred, don't we?" he acquiesced. "That's what we live for—to experience moments or hours of thrilling sensations."

"Does Miss Ellery make you experience these?"

"Those?"

To be Continued.

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

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Towered over the shrinking figure.

Her Husband's Twin Brother

A Story of a Deserted Wife

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Donald Brewer, a handsome young fellow with light hair, blue eyes and a pleasant smile on his lips, was walking on Main street swinging a light cane. Pretty girls were moving hither and thither, for Donald was in the shopping district, and it was the hour when the stores were much crowded. He was an admirer of beauty, and his expression indicated that he was revelling in the display. His heart was light, and when a young man is in happy mood the appeal of fair faces and trim figures is especially strong.

Who is this young woman advancing slowly with a little girl not four years old clinging to her skirt? Donald thought her prettier than any one he had yet met. Her glance met his, and with a cry she sprang to him, threw her arms about his neck and cried out in a sweet, appealing voice:

"Oh, Walter, why did you leave me? Come back! Do, Walter, dearest, come back and all will be forgiven."

Donald Brewer's admiration for the fair sex was general, and he preferred that the favors he received should be general. This was altogether too particular. Besides, it was too public, and, like most men worthy of the name, he detested "scenes."

He assured the lady that she had mistaken him for some one else. This only occasioned a burst of grief and reproaches. The child began to cry, a crowd collected, and a policeman came hurrying up to discover the cause of the loitering of the sidewalk. He saw a young woman clinging to a young man who was evidently not as well pleased as he should have been. Donald explained that she had mistaken him for some one else. The lady explained that he was her husband, who had deserted her. The policeman evidently believed the latter story and viewed Donald with disfavor.

"I think," he said to the woman, "we'd better go to the police officer. You can make a charge against him if you like, and that'll bring the matter into the open."

"Don't, Walter; don't force me to do that, Come home, and we will again be happy."

And she wept on his bosom.

Walter signalled to the policeman that he preferred to go with him. So the party adjourned to the police station, where Walter sent out for his mother and other friends to identify him, and the lady sent for a sister-in-law. All of the former pronounced him Donald Brewer, and the latter declared that, though he resembled him, he was not her brother. This satisfied every one except the lady, who was amazed and disappointed that they should be so obtuse. When Donald left her she took his hand and, looking at him appealingly out of a pair of liquid brown eyes, said in a whispering while the pretty little girl begged papa to come home and not make mamma cry.

It makes a lot of difference to a man when appealed to by a pretty woman whether he is free or wedlocked. Under certain circumstances action for alimony, for instance—the word wedlock is suggestive of bolts and bars. Donald, being exonerated from being a fugitive husband, assured the poor woman of his deep sympathy and that he was deeply touched by her faith, despite proof to the contrary, that she belonged to her. If she would give him her address he would call upon her and would be glad to see her in any way.

A beautiful hope shone in her eyes, and, giving him a parting look, she said that she would trust him once more, sure that he would not fail her. Then, to evade observation, she asked him to call a carriage, and, getting into it with her little girl, who insisted on giving vent to her grief, was now driven away smiling through tears.

A few days later Donald called upon the grass widow. He found her a good deal changed. Her sister-in-law had convinced her that there was a double as to Donald being her husband. When she came into the room to receive him she paused on the threshold, searching every line of his countenance. Then a beautiful blush rose to her cheeks at remembering the caresses she had given him, and she hung her head in shame at the remembrance of the caresses she had bestowed upon one who had turned out to be a stranger.

What is forced upon us we don't want. What we cannot get we crave. Donald, who up to this moment feared the lady would claim him, was now disappointed that she did not. Those who are chained wish to be free; those who are free wish to be chained. In the words of the crusty old bachelor, marriage is something one half the world is trying to get into and the other half is trying to get out of.

Donald had not experienced any pleasurable sensation in the caresses he had received the day before; but a second hour forced into great proximity at establishing his identity. Now he longed to have those arms about his neck and those appealing eyes looking into his. An idea occurred to him. It was an idea not worthy of him, but it was irresistible. While a few days before he had been telling the truth to keep out of trouble, he now yielded to a temptation to tell a lie that would get him back into trouble and keep him there. Why is it that a man who will protect himself circumspectly against ordinary entanglements will plunge into a slough of despond where a woman is concerned?

Donald Brewer was young and reckless and behaved accordingly. He smiled at the lady in a way to cause a tenderness to tell a lie that would make her think he was not her husband. A quick glance of inquiry, followed by a step forward, then a step backward, and she sprang toward him. He caught her in his arms, and her head sank on his bosom.

Donald was facing, as it happened, a mirror, and when he caught sight of his reflection holding in his arms a woman whom he had permitted to think was her husband a sense of the dishonor of his act and its probable consequences rose within him to plague him.

"What a confounded fool and villain I am!" he mentally exclaimed.

Shocked at what he had done, he began at once to conjure up some method of getting out of the trap he had laid for himself. Taking her hands in his, he disengaged her embrace, and, holding her apart so that he could look her in the eyes, he set about framing a statement that would put the matter back where it was before he had made the break. But one look out of those brown eyes bereft him of the will to do so. He was like one in deep water struggling to rise. As soon as he got to the surface a heavy hand pushed him back again. He felt as though he were sinking deeper and deeper in a moral quicksand

"Forgive me," he muttered and took her in his arms again.

Now, it doesn't matter whether he asked her to forgive him for thus deceiving her or for having deserted her, for at that moment he felt reflected in the glass the sister-in-law who had freed him from the imputation of being the deserter. She was looking at the pair locked in a mutual embrace with an expression of extreme disaffection.

He was appalled.

The lady he was holding in his arms, fortunately for him, looked and, seeing the intruder, relieved him from the necessity of disengaging himself.

"Given!" said she who had entered reproachfully.

"Ruth," replied the other, "you were mistaken, after all. He is Walter."

Ruth gave Donald a look which he remembered to his dying day.

"I grant," she said, "that you may be Walter's twin brother, for villainy seems to run in the blood."

This opened the door for at least a temporary escape

"You are right," he said, catching at a straw. "I am Walter's twin brother."

Both women drew back and stared at Donald, who stood like Ajax defying the lightning

"Walter Schofield had no twin brother," said Ruth.

None that he would acknowledge. I was regarded as the black sheep of the family. At twelve years of age I ran away, and my name was never after mentioned in the family."

The grass widow by this time had returned to a state of wondering doubt.

"We have had," said Ruth, "one black sheep of your family in ours, and we have no use for another."

She pointed to the door.

Assuming a proud innocence the very opposite of what he felt, Donald said:

"I am aware of my brother's injustice to his angel wife. I have been deputed to do evil that good might come. I was disposed to take advantage of the resemblance between us to right the wrongs he has done. I have failed. Good day."

With a low bow he strutted out of the room and the house. Ruth looking after him with a glance of indignant contempt, while Given evidently did not know whether to let him go or detain him.

A month passed, during which Donald Brewer dreaded every day lest he should in some way be punished for what he had done. He planned and formed innumerable plans to set himself right in the matter. There is but one way for persons who have erred to set themselves right, and that is confession. When Donald had formed down a plan or two a day he finally arrived at the confessional state.

He wrote a long letter to the "wife of his twin brother," giving a detailed account of his temptation and the cause of it and acknowledging that his final statement was false from beginning to end. His excuse was one which with a woman will always do for a libertine: that he found her so charming and sympathized so deeply with her and her lovely child that he simply couldn't help it.

And here is the beginning to a sequel of this story of which only the bare facts can be given. Donald called by invitation on the widow and was forgiven, and his call was followed by a number of others. The lady was about to apply for a divorce in order that she might marry him when her husband conveniently died, thus saving trouble, expense and time, which last to Donald was the most bothering of the three, for he was madly in love and had been waiting long enough already.

All this happened years ago. What was at one time a question of whether one or the other of Donald Brewer occasionally ventures to crack a joke. He is an affectionate stepfather to his wife's child, and her aunt Ruth has come to a point where she considers Donald to be not quite so bad for his altogether objectionable action. But women are apt to think that love covers a multitude of sins.

Employing Magnetism.

Use of magnetism in extracting foreign objects from the bronchial tubes was described at the annual meeting of the American Bronchoscopic Society. A professor who holds the chair of bronchoscopy in the University of Pennsylvania and in Jefferson Medical College, declared that after twenty-two years he had succeeded in completely magnetism in removing a steel bullet from a patient's lung.

The average family of five persons in England drinks about 35 pounds of tea annually.

World Population Doubles.

The greatest single change of the past 100 years has been the rapid increase in the number of people inhabiting the earth. During that time the population of the world nearly doubled. A century ago it was less than one billion. To-day it is about 1,700,000,000.

City of Beautiful Women.

Cardiff claims to be a city of beautiful women. "Visitors to the City Hall," said the city's lord mayor recently, "always remark on the fine buildings and the good looks of the ladies."

Many Flower Legends

Not so many years ago, everybody believed in fairies, and fairies have always been partial to flowers, and M. G. Kennedy Bell, F.R.H.S., has made an interesting hunt of some years duration, for legends of fairy flowers.

It is a well-known fact, he writes that the fairies are very fond of most flowers, and it is a part of their mission to give to each maturing blossom its proper hue, to guide stumbling plants, and to teach young plants to move with befitting grace. For all yellow flowers the fairies have a most extraordinary dislike, and they will soon find out a place where these abound. The reason for this aversion has not been revealed to mortal minds.

The Arcmonone, or Wild Flower, is a recognized fairy bloom. The crimson marks on its petals have been painted there by fairy hands; and in wet weather it affords shelter to benighted elves, who are glad to creep beneath its down-turned petals.

Tulips are greatly beloved by the fairy folk, who utilise them as cradles in which to rock the infant elves to sleep.

The Fairy Flax, on account of its extreme delicacy, is selected by the Fays as the substance to be worn for their raiment.

The Foxglove is the especial delight of the fairy tribe; it is the fairy plant "par excellence." When it bends its tall stalks the Foxglove is making obeisance to the little people, or preparing to receive some small elf who wishes to hide himself in the soft retreat afforded by the accommodating bells. In Ireland it is called the Fairy Cap, and in Wales it becomes the Goblin's Gloves. On account of its connection with the fairies, the name is thought originally to have been the "Fairy Folks' Glove," the present name of Foxglove being a shortening of this word.

As the Foxglove is the special flower of the fairies, so is the four-leaved clover their particular herb.

It is believed only to grow in places frequented by the Elfin tribe, and to be gifted by them with magic powers.

The four-leaved clover is the only plant that will enable its wearer to see the fairies. It is a magic talisman wherever it gain admittance to the fairy kingdom.

According to the old pastoral poets, the fairies begin to bestir themselves soon after sunset, a time of indistinctness, coupled with a silent mystic charm.

But it is at midnight that the whole fairy kingdom is thoroughly alive—then it is that the faint music of the Harebell is heard ringing out the call for the assembly of fairies and elves. Like a flash of lightning they are very fond of riding to the trysting spot on an aerial steed, a blade of grass, a fern-frond, a hollow stalk, or a straw will do some of the chosen methods of transit. On their arrival the merry throng wend their way to some fairy ring in the meadow, and their gay dance through the night causes those dark green circles that are known to mortals as "fairy rings."

On these rings rustic superstition maintains that no sheep or cattle will browse, and that in Ireland, whenever one of the Fay, no man would venture to set foot within these magic circles, else will he incur the dire displeasure of the "little people."

Likewise, if a tree should fall athwart the magic ring, there it must remain; it is the property of the fairies and must on no account be moved.

Disregarding the charm of many aces, which lingers round this fairy superstition, and apparently quite oblivious of the poet's assertion that

"Of old the merry elve were seen
Pacing with printless feet the dewy sward."

some naturalists affirm that the phenomenon of these rings is due to lightning; others say it is the work of ants; and others again that it is the work of a small fungus, Agaricus Oreades.

The Peziza, a very beautiful fungus growth which is in the form of a scarlet cup, is the fairies' bath, in which they perform their morning ablution, while the dew is still heavy on grass, flower, and bush.

Another fungus specially appropriated by the fairies is "The Fairy Butter" (Tremella Arborea). It is a yellowish substance, found upon rotten wood, and fallen timber, and according to the old country-folk lore it was said to be made in the night and scattered about by the fairies.

It was always believed that the forest fairies were good natured, and if not offended they will do men a good turn wherever possible, even teaching them some of the mysteries of nature, of which they possess the secret.

In fact, the elves were thought to practice works of mercy in the woods, and a certain sympathetic feeling with the trees was thus established in connection with the wood Fays.

The country folk were careful not to offend or destroy such trees inhabited by fairies, and they never tried to surprise the elfin people in their particular retreat.

In England oaks were always thought to be the favorite abodes of elves, and travellers, when approaching groves said to be haunted by them used to think it well to turn their coats for good luck.

Birth Rate Falls.

A German professor states that fifty years ago there were 43 births per 1,000 married couples in Germany, whereas to-day there are only 24, and in Berlin only 14.

To Help Guide Aviators.

Lighthouses on the Atlantic coast have been painted with large arrows pointing north, to help guide aviators.

A School for Dogs.

A school for dogs has been opened at Woodcote Green, England. The chief is for dogs whose owners live in small houses where quietness and good behaviour is essential. For a modest fee, a puppy can be "boarded out," taught house manners and general obedience and then returned to the owner after a month's schooling.

Amos.

Amos means "the courageous." The Hebrew origin.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN POLAND.

Statutes Applying to Mixed Families Lack Force All Through Country.

Some men in Warsaw are asking themselves the question, "Am I married or am I not?" And others are asking themselves, "Am I guilty of bigamy or haven't I a wife at all?"

The difficulty arises over the marriage laws of Poland, which apply to districts without having force throughout all Poland. If a resident of Warsaw, where no civil marriage exists, goes to Posen and marries a Posen girl by civil marriage, the wedding is valid only in that province.

If he returns to Warsaw and asks for a divorce, the judge tells him that he has no wife, since Warsaw recognizes only marriages celebrated by the church. If the man marries again, this time in Warsaw, his first wife goes to court and charges her husband with bigamy.

There are a number of such cases now in the Polish courts. Because of the slowness of appeal, the Supreme Court of Poland has not considered the matter. A move toward unification of the law was made by equalizing the rights of daughters and sons to their father's inheritance. Formerly, in provinces observing the Russian law, the sons were privileged.

The penal law is little better off than the domestic relations law. Crimes are punished in one province which go unmarked in other provinces. There also is a difference in the degrees of punishment. Galicia is the only part of Poland with jails.

In Posen, bankruptcy is treated severely. All insolvent persons are liable before the penal court. In Warsaw, only merchants go to prison for bankruptcy. People, therefore, prefer to lend money in Posen, where their interests are better protected.

GROWING WINGS IN A NIGHT.

Aphids Live on Tender plants and the Underside of Leaves.

Aphids are the tiny insects that live on the tips of tender plants and the underside of leaves. But the extraordinary thing about them is that although they can exist for generations without wings, when the need arises they can grow them in a night.

The aphids are sap-suckers. They settle down, drive their beaks into the bark until they reach the sap, then set contentedly drinking their fill. They are so contented, in fact, that they often shed their skins, casting off legs and eyes, and cling there blind and helpless.

Clinging thus, the helpless mothers give birth to their young, who, having eyes and legs, run about actively until they find the sap-streams.

The processes are repeated until the plant harbors so many of these tiny creatures that they drink all its sap. There is none left to nourish its leaves and fruit, and it dies.

The aphids now have to face an emergency. Having killed their means of life, they must seek new sources of food. Perhaps it was a plant-tree in which they had been living, and possibly the season has so advanced that a near-by hop field is full of young and tender plants. But how are they to reach them they would be all right again.

All the generations of the summer have been wingless, but faced with the need of preserving life, there appears a generation of aphids with wings. These they unfurl, and then float the hop field. After the journey they bore into the hop sap-streams, shed their wings, and settle down again to a quiet life.

Lightning Studies.

The actor accustomed to long runs often finds the study of a new part a new experience. A London player once said he would rather have three teeth extracted without "gas" than study a fresh role of any length!

Repertory actors, however, soon develop wonderful memories. I once played in a season where three new pieces were produced weekly, and I hear the prompter was rare, writes a correspondent.

People who have to study parts at extraordinary notice sometimes develop what is called the "eye-memory." After reading over a page several times they try to photograph it on their vision. The typed words can eventually almost be seen with the eyes closed. The memory re-acts on the sight impression, and the words stick, more or less.

It is not uncommon for a repertory player to study and become "rough-perfect" in a play of thirty or forty typed pages in a few hours.

Human Cannon Ball.

A human cannon ball fired from a mortar reached a net 100 yards distant in Turin. Ugo Zacchini, one of the inventors, was the cannon ball. He dressed in a leather suit and stood in a metal cylinder which reached above his knees. When he was placed in the mortar a powerful spring was released by electricity, which sent him flying through the air in a trajectory 130 feet high. Turning over in the middle of the net, rebounded again and again, and a few minutes later stood bowing his acknowledgments of tumultuous applause.

A BRAVE MOTHER.

Hen Protects Her Young Against Fire.

One day when the ground was parched with a long drought, fire came sweeping down across the big prairie in the great Northwest, says the Pentecostal Evangelist. The terrified settlers fled, and the fire raging across the settlement destroyed in its course the entire improvements of several farmers. In some cases even the people themselves being unable to escape.

When the fire was out, a relief party went out from a neighboring town to see if possibly someone might have escaped the flames and be in need of assistance. Riding past the ashes of one of these destroyed homes, one of the men saw what appeared to be a black hen sitting on the ground. On going up to it he found that it was quite dead, the head and back being burned almost to a cinder; but the bird sat in such a striking position, her wings partly spread out, that he gave her a poke, turning her over; whereupon three little chickens ran out.

Bravely the poor mother hen had covered them, in the face of the roaring, consuming fire; paying the extreme price in the midst of the scorching flames, choosing to be burned to death rather than that one of her brood should be harmed.

Here and There

The total attendance at the Toronto Exhibition this year was 1,870,000, or an increase of 297,000 over 1926.

The Saint John Board of Harbor Commissioners is now busy working on plans for more adequate port facilities and estimating costs of new wharves, grain elevators and everything necessary to handle a larger flow of business.

The establishment of a "Faculty of Fisheries" at Dalhousie University at Halifax is under consideration. If this course is added to the curriculum, it will be the first time in the history of this continent that fisheries science has been delivered as a college course.

As a latest development of the Canada-West Indies trade, ice cream is now being shipped from Halifax to British Guiana in liquid form and delivered in its destination. On the other hand, ice cream shipped to Bermuda is shipped in blocks and kept solid throughout the journey.

Application has been made to the Vancouver Board of Harbor Commissioners for the right to drill along the shore of Stanley Park and across First Narrows with a view to building a tunnel under the entrance to the harbor. The backers of the project estimate its cost at $4,000,000.

A saving of forty-eight hours was effected in the transport of transAtlantic mail to the Orient when bundles were taken from the Canadian Pacific "Empress of Australia" at Rimouski and conveyed by trains to Montreal. Experiments are considered to have been successful, and it is understood a future development will extend the flying service to Toronto.

Though the crop season is late, reports received by the transportation department of the Canadian Pacific Railway are most satisfactory, insofar as yield per acre is concerned. From many points in Saskatchewan word comes that wheat threshed out from 25 to 35 bushels per acre, while in Alberta the yield runs from 25 to 45 bushels per acre.

F. W. Swindells, a wealthy Connecticut manufacturer, is developing a model farm at Pinecrest, on the Midland division of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, twelve miles from here. This farm contains 400 acres under cultivation and 50 acres of woodland, ideally situated on the summit of a hill overlooking the upper part of Cobequid Bay and the valley of the exceeding beauty. His Guernsey herd consists of 50 purebred milch cows. His barns are to be on the Dutch dairy plan and are said to be the best in the province.

It is announced that the 2,000,000-bushel elevator at Midland, Ontario, erected by James Playfair and his associates has been completed, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway is to proceed with the construction of seven miles of line directly connecting the elevator at Midland and joining up its main line through Port McNicoll to Montreal. The immediate result, it is believed, will be that the largest shipping unit on the eastern lakes will have direct connection with Saint John, and that a new route will be created, leaving the traffic through that port.

POOLED EVEN MARCONI.

Did Not Foresee Radio Possibilities of To-day.

Recently people have been thinking and talking of the changes made by aerial navigation, and within the past couple of years attention has been drawn to the progress of radio, pieces being produced weekly. We hear the prompter was rare, writes a correspondent.

People who have to study parts at extraordinary notice sometimes develop what is called the "eye-memory." After reading over a page several times they try to photograph it on their vision. The typed words can eventually almost be seen with the eyes closed. The memory re-acts on the sight impression, and the words stick, more or less.

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Jasper Golf Trophy Presented

R. Baker (right), of Jericho Club, Vancouver, winner of the Totem Pole trophy at Jasper Park Golf Course, Jasper National Park, during the annual golf week, being presented with the trophy by Walter Pratt, General Manager of Hotels, Sleeping and Dining Cars, Canadian National Railways. The Jasper Golf tournament is growing in favor with followers of the game and this year, with entries from Canada, United States and other countries became international in its character. Canada's famous scenic golf course won high praise from the golfers who played over it during the Golf Week competitions, and some keen battles for supremacy were staged.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

PRESENTED WITH NEW CAR

Pope at Last Becomes Convert to Automobile.

Pope Pius XI. has for some time been the possessor of an automobile, we are told, and he recently received another of the latest model from his Milanese admirers; but it was only a very short time ago, according to a Rome correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune that his pontifical inhibitions against new-fangled means of locomotion, were finally broken down. This correspondent, Frederick Hollowell, goes on to relate a hitherto unknown story, which has both its tragic and comic aspects, in the way of explaining the change. He writes:

"A few weeks ago the pontiff ordered his faithful coachman, who has been in the Vatican service for many years, to prepare the papal two-horse coach for his usual leisurely drive in the spacious Vatican gardens. It was a sultry early summer morning and the old cobble-paved palatial courtyards in sequestered precincts far from the prosaic bustle of modern-day Rome were bathed in a droning soporific atmosphere. The atmosphere aspect was so soporific that while the coachman was waiting for his distinguished passenger, his head dropped forward on his chest, while the spirited horses, stamping restlessly, drew the Vatican service, also hung their heads in a dozing attitude.

"Suddenly a platoon of Palatine Guards came marching into the San Damaseo courtyard with snare drums, rudely smashing the peaceful atmosphere. Just as suddenly the horses were seized with unwonted fright and dashed off before the poor coachman knew what was happening. In a twinkle they were galloping at top speed around the courtyard, with the now awakened coachman fumbling with the reins, barely able to retain his seat.

"Just as the horses, coach, coachman and all were about to plunge down the Scala Regia railway called the "Scala Regia," which leads down to the mammoth bronze door entrance to the Vatican, the front wheel of the pontifical vehicle crashed into a huge marble pillar. By this time, of course, the Palatine Guards had ceased drum-beating and most of them had joined in a better-skelter chase after the runaway steeds."

Naturally, the pope's ride was abandoned that day, remarks Mr. Hollowell, while everybody breathed a sigh of relief that no one had been seriously injured, except one of the horses. The correspondent tells the sequel as follows:

A few days later the horse which was injured in the runaway, died. After due reflection the pope came to the conclusion that the old means of travel was much too dangerous and decided definitely to confine himself to the use of automobiles. Despite the fact that in order to get a decently long outing in the Vatican gardens he must retrace the route almost constantly. Henceforth, therefore, horse-drawn paraphernalia will be preserved as Vatican relics.

There are still sixteen horses in the Vatican stables, but most of them are now becoming old so they will be kept for past services on liberal pensions of hay and oats. The pope has declined to authorize the purchase of any new horses. There are also numerous coaches which are now kept in an enclosure at one end of Belvedere courtyard.

Some American Roman Catholics gave Pope Pius one of the first automobiles ever made. It was gorgeously fitted. But the pope never used it. Finally he presented it to Cardinal Merry Del Val, then papal secretary of state, who removed the panal coat-of-arms and used the car.

Six Days' Journey In Fifty Minutes.

An airplane service for gold diggers and others concerned with the newly-discovered fields in Northern Canada, the latest aerial development. The new fields are on a 2,000-foot high plateau, sixty miles from the coast, a cross-country journey of six days, and a fleet of airplanes has reduced the trail to one of fifty minutes. All supplies for the fields are now carried by air, the machines returning to the coast with cargoes of gold and passengers.

Earthquake Affects Color.

In Cuba there is a plant which is said to change color with the approach of an earthquake.

ENGLAND

American Says It Is the Most Beautiful Country He Has Ever Seen.

The most beautiful country I have ever seen is England. It has not the majesty of Switzerland, but it has everything else, writes Wm. Lyon Phelps in the New York Post. Almost exactly the same size as North Carolina or Michigan, it has amazing variety of scenery and climate. As one approaches it from the Atlantic, the cliffs of Cornwall look austere and forbidding; but there the roses bloom in January. Stand almost anywhere in Devonshire, and you see the meadows leaning on the sky; they are separated from one another not by stone fences, or by split-rails or barbed wire, but by hedgerows in self-conscious bloom; Salisbury Plain is less bare than Nebraska, a far bolder sea; the misty slopes of the Sussex downs reach dreamily to the sea. Every few miles in England the topography changes; could anything be more different than these different counties?

But we do not go to England for natural scenery, though we might well do so; we go because in England every scene is, in the phrase of Henry James, "saturated with recognitions." The things that we have seen in imagination we see in reality; there they are! The September afternoon that I spent with Augustine Birrell, Pepys and saw the churchyard in the twilight exactly as it was in 1750 when Gray described it, I fell on my knees. As we looked from the top of the hill down into Canterbury, the setting sun glorified the cathedral; as we stood in the most solemn processional in England, Lauds, Sung, and gazed into the vesty waves at the foot of the cliff, I remembered Tennyson's lines:

One shadowed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves.

Beneath the windy wall.

And here one of the Wesley brothers lived; the family home about the narrow neck of land and the divided seas.

One day, talking with an Englishman on the train, I used the word wickishire and about Devon. "Ah," said he, "if you haven't seen the valley of the Wye you haven't seen England." Accordingly we went to that little town of Ross, in the west; there we hired a rowboat, and two stalwart sons of Britain rowed us many miles down the stream. Occasionally, the river was so shallow they poled us over the pebbly bottom; sometimes it was so narrow we would almost touch the trees; then it would widen out nobly, and we saw the white-faced Hereford cattle feeding in green pastures. "What castle is that?" I asked, pointing to a ruin on a hill. "That is Goodrich Castle, sir." And that is where Wordsworth met the little girl who knew her departed brother and sister were alive. We moved by Monmouth, sacred to Henry V., the Roosevelt of mediaeval days, and by Tintern Abbey, and you may be sure we stopped there; whatever you see, don't miss the valley of the Wye.

The Beadle's Business.

What does a beadle do? In the City of London, England, there are thirty Ward beadles. They are although their post is an old one, they refuse to be regarded as old-fashioned.

A beadle is at the beck and call of everybody, and he has to be very up-to-date. Most of the beadles are fairly well men, but they move with the times.

When a coroner wants a jury, he sends word to the beadle, who calls it, wends up the court, finds 24 witnesses, writes the history of the case, and conducts the inquest proceedings.

He figures in many City functions, conducts all the licensing in his ward, and compiles lists of voters. He attends the courts for the aldermen, and attends the Lord Mayor, when the latter goes to Westminster to obtain the approval of the King.

The beadle is expected to know all the inhabitants of his ward, by whom he is elected and re-elected every year.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited
Store No. 10
Napanee, - Ontario

3 Weeks' Campaign for Increased Sales and More Customers

Starts Friday, October 14th
And Continues Through Nov. 5th

More quality merchandise for the customer's dollar is the high aim of this store. Campaign values will demonstrate our capabilities in hitting the mark.

"Usefulness" is the Mainspring of this Big Store--Has been for 40 Years--Will continue to be so in the future.

This store is not content with merely selling more goods than any other store—not content with having the biggest store in this vicinity. We know that real and permanent success is based on genuine usefulness. Usefulness in this store means three things :

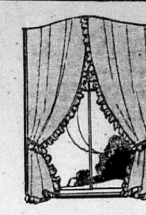
"Giving the Best Service." "Giving the Best Quality." "Giving the Lowest Prices."

That is what we have strived to do in the past and what we shall continue to do in the future, only more effectively than ever. "More effectively" than ever because we are purchasing our supplies to better advantage—securing better prices through the placement of bigger orders—thus eliminating unnecessary costs between manufacturer and consumer.

"Campaign Days" bring to you a bountiful harvest of super-extraordinary values. They permit you to buy your Fall and Winter requirements at dollars and dollars under the average store's prices.

Watch for the Red Price Tickets through the store. They're the sign posts of economy and rare value.

We have prepared and mailed to every home in this vicinity a bulletin of this exceptional sale. If you have not received a copy, please advise us.



25 PAIRS FRILLED CURTAINS

A Special 59c. Value
ON SALE 47 CENTS PAIR

Ideal curtains for bed-rooms, made from good scrim with frilled edge and tie-backs.

SINGLE PANELS AND SINGLE PAIRS

On Sale at Half-Price
$1.25 TO $9.00 LINES FOR 63 CTS. TO $4.75

Featuring handsome effects in single silk panels—net, cotton and frilled curtains.

This is a real chance to redecorate your one window rooms. Regular sizes.

BEST $1.50 REPPS ON SALE AT $1.19 YD.

This fast colored fabric is ideal for all interior decorating schemes. 50 inches wide and in many desirable colors.

REGULAR $1.50 ARMURE REPP TO CLEAR $1.10 PER YARD

Another popular material for drapes and coverings. Shades of Rose, Mulberry and Brown. 50 inches wide.

240 YARDS OLD COUNTRY MADRAS

Reg. 35c. Grade—SALE PRICE 25 CENTS YD.

In deep ivory color and finished with strong colvert edges. The best looking cloth in the lower priced materials.

Several excellent patterns.

House-Furnishing Bargains are centre of attraction on Friday--Opening Day

Now is the Time, and this is the Place to Choose your requirements

BIG SAVINGS ARE NOW POSSIBLE ON BARRYMORE WILTONS

Rugs Famed Throughout Canada for Beauty and Durability

Featured are designs, colors and qualities suitable for every room in the house. Note these substantial reductions.

Reg. $63.00 rugs for $50.40 size 6 ft. 9 in.x10 ft. 6 in.
Reg. $55.00 rugs for $44.00 size 6 ft. 9 in.x10 ft. 6 in.
Reg. $53.50 rugs for $42.80 size 6 ft. 9 in.x10 ft. 6 in.
Reg. $45.00 rugs for $36.00, size 6 ft. x 9 ft.
Reg. $28.50 rugs for $22.80, size 4 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft.

BRUSSELS RUGS CARRY BIG DISCOUNTS

Noted for Long Wear and Service

Reg. $30.00 rugs for $24.00, 6 ft. 9x10 ft. 6
Reg. $25.00 rugs for $20.00, 6 ft. 9 x 9 ft.
Reg. $35.00 rugs for $28.00 6 ft. 9x10 ft. 6
Reg. $48.00 rugs for $38.40, 9 ft. x 12 ft.

These rugs give genuine service, because they are made from imported wool yarns of superior quality. Sale rugs are in exceedingly attractive designs.

SEAMLESS TAPESTRY RUGS GO IN THE SALE, SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED

These standard rugs, artistically patterned, will prove a splendid investment. Note sizes, prices and quantities.

4 rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $16.20
5 rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $14.80
2 rugs, 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $15.50
2 rugs, 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $17.00
1 rug, 9 ft. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $18.80.
1 rug, 9 ft. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $19.70
1 rug, 9 ft. x 9 ft., specially reduced to $21.90.
1 rug, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., specially reduced to $24.00
2 rugs, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., specially reduced to $21.40

AXMINSTER AND WILTON MATS

Are specially priced for Campaign Days

IN AXMINSTER

Spec. at $8.50, Mats 36x63 in.

IN WILTON

Spec. at $12.50, Mats 36x63 in.
Spec. at $7.95, Mats 27 x 54 in.
Spec. at $6.95, Mats 27 x 54 in.
Spec. at $3.75, Mats 18 x 33 in.

New and attractive patterns. Best grades.

IMPORTED SEAMLESS VELVET RUGS

ARE LASTING AND BEAUTIFUL
On Sale at Dollars Less

Two rugs, 9 ft. x 9 ft., reg. $42.50 for $34.00
One rug, 9 ft. x 12 ft., reg. $57.50 for $46.00
Three rugs 7 ft. 6 x 9 ft., reg. $35.00 for $28.00

NEW SPECIAL PRICES FOR THE

SALE ON BEST GRADE LINOLEUM RUGS

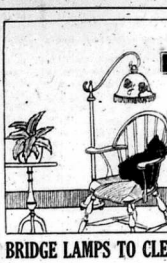
NOTE THE SIZES

Size 6 ft. x 9 ft., special at $7.00 ; size 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., special at $8.55 ; size 9 ft. x 9 ft., special at $10.35 ; size 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., special at $12.15 ; size 9 ft. x 12 ft., special at $13.45. Splendid assortment of patterns.

Watch for the Red Price Ticket

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

Watch for the Red Price Ticket



$10.95 BRIDGE LAMPS TO CLEAR $9.00

Stand is in polychrome finish in standard height. Shades in hand painted parchment, finished with adjustable bracket.

Only limited quantity.

E QUALITY PRINTED LINOLEUM ON SALE AT 90 CENTS SQ. YD.

Wise shoppers will take full advantage of this timely reduction. Fine assortment of patterns and every yard is fully guaranteed.

In 3 and 4 yard widths.

37 INCH WINDOW BLINDS 95 CENTS EACH

Excellent quality oil opaque cloths mounted on guaranteed rollers. Standard 6 ft. lengths. Colors of White, Cream and Green. These are excellent blinds for the average window.

FOR THIS SALE, 10 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON ALL BLINDS IN STOCK--1ST QUALITY

Featuring all widths to 52 inches in 6 and 7 ft. lengths. All colors, all combinations, plain or insertion trimmed. These blinds are beautifully made from the finest materials and fixtures obtainable.

BLUE CHENILLE, FORMERLY $1.79 PER YD. SALE PRICE 99 CENTS YD.

This cloth is similar to velour, is fast color and 50 inches wide. Ideal for drapes and cushions.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. and Mrs. W. J .Doller are spending a couple of weeks in Toronto.

Miss Lulu Mills, Oshawa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Mills, Morven.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sills took their anniversary dinner with Mrs. John Pollard.

Miss Margaret Roffry, Stratford, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jack McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. White have taken Mrs. Vrooman's apartment for the winter.

Miss Gladys Marsh, of Toronto, is spending a few holidays with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Holland and Miss Betty leave this week to spend the winter in Europe.

Messrs. C. W. Hambly and Wilfred Wilson left on Friday to attend the Conservative convention in Winnipeg, Man.

Mrs. Victor Atkins, Toronto, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Scott.

Mrs. Henry Pringle, London, spent ast week the guest of Mrs. W. F. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Boyes are attending the annual meeting of the C.N.R. Ticket Agents at Halifax, N.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl VanAlstyne, Toronto, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. VanAlstyne.

Miss Olive Hambly has returned from spending several weeks with her sister in Toronto.

BIRTHS

Taylor—At Carrying Place, Prince Edward County, on Monday, September 26th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Taylor, (nee Ruth Stewart) a daughter.

DEATHS

Breeze—At Bracebridge, on Friday, Oct. 7th, 1927, Margaret Breeze, aged 81 years.

McCumber—At North Fredericksburgh, on Monday, Oct. 10th, 1927, John Henry McCumber, in his 75th year.

McFarlane—In the Kingston General Hospital, on Monday, Oct. 10th, 1927, Louise Florence McFarlane, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McFarlane, Odessa, aged 19 years.

Ostrom—At Napanee, on Monday, Oct. 10th, 1927, Florence Ostrom.

Taylor—At Napanee, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. H. Stinson, on Friday, October 7th, 1927, Norton Percy Taylor, aged 77 years.

FIGHTS 18 YEARS TO GET RID OF GAS

"I had stomach trouble for 18 years. Since taking Adlerika I feel better than for years and have not been bothered with gas." —L. A. Champion.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and sleep better. No matter what you Wallace's Drug Store.

—o—

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

The comedy in "Let's Go" is of high order. A constant barage of fun. Reserve your seats now at Paul's Bookstore.

A child welfare clinic for the pre-school child is held each Thursday from 2 to 4 in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

William R. Travers, General Manager of the Farmers' Bank of Canada when it closed its doors nearly twenty years ago, died Friday at his rooms in the Earnscliffe Apartments, where he had lived for the past twelve years. He was associated with the late Dr. W. Beattie Nesbitt in directing the affairs of the bank and a considerable part of the money, which caused the bank's collapse, was put into the Keeley cure which to-day is a good ore producer.

A visiting tourist while motoring through Napanee in the early hours of Saturday morning, had the misfortune to almost demolish his car, which was a very fine sedan. While approaching the easterly limits of the town he evidently fell asleep for a moment with the result that the car went over the curb, plunging headlong in a telegraph pole. The river at this point is very close and it is very fortunate that the pole impeded the travelling of the car.

"Let not your heart be troubled ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know and the way ye know. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14 ; 1 ; 4, 6.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring,
Christ, of beauty, source and spring.

A BIBLE LOVER.

—o—

Thursday night all roads lead to the Napanee Armouries.—"Let's Go" is the big attraction. Don't miss the greatest show ever given here. Reserved seats now on sale at Paul's Bokstore.

Landlady Will Preside Over Island Parliament.

Recently the Seigneur of Sark, who reigned over a tiny feudal state, died, and his daughter succeeded him in lordship of the small Channel Island.

The forty landowners pay tribute to their overlord and the forty indivisible farms have come down unchanged in their boundaries from the times of Elizabeth. The rent is still paid, not in cash but in kind. The new landlady will preside over the island parliament, called the Court of Chief Pleas. Its members have for centuries been the holders of the forty farms.

There has always been a road fund on Sark. Each of the farmers must do a day's work on the road or pay the equivalent in cash. Even more remunerative is the tax on visitors. They have to pay to land, and the small fee helps to pay for the harborage.

This harbor is unique. It is so tiny that no smallest steamer can only poke its nose in at high tide, and so cliff-bound that the only way out of it into the nterior of the island is through a rock tunnel. The island has unwritten laws, but they are not very apparent, and one of the farmers acts as policeman when required. The jail is merely an object of curiosity; no one has ever seen a prisoner there. And there is not a motor-car on the island.

The Unwanted Sparrow.

Two sparrows that were recently released from an American tourist ship have aroused considerable commotion in Freemantle, West Australia. One has already been captured and killed, but the other is still at large. Sparrows are prohibited in Western Australia on account of the serious damage they might do to the fruit crop. The two sparrows mentioned took shelter on the Carintha when the vessel was crossing the Australian Bight, and a sympathetic passenger, not knowing the regulations in Western Australia, released the birds.

Australia has as great an objection to sparrows as it has to rabbits and the prickly pear. The sparrow, since it was introduced to many of the British Dominions and several places in North America, has multiplied to excess, and has done untold damage to crops.

Scotland's Oldest Institution.

The oldest institution in Scotland, except the Roman Church, is the Convention of Royal Burghs, according to the Lord Provost of Elgin, who made that statement while lecturing on the Elgin Rotary Club. The convention, he said, had a history of seven centuries. In the early days the rules were strictly observed. Commissioners who did not arrive until the second day's sitting were fined £10, and those who came later £20, while there was a fine of 6s. 8d. for unpunctuality. No member was allowed to leave before the end of the proceedings.

"Right Honorable."

Only five Lord Mayors or Provosts are entitled to be called "Right Honorable"; these are the chief magistrates of London, York, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast.

MISS LETHA SCOTT A.MUS
PIANO
MISS DOROTHY SCOTT
A.C.O.M., VIOLIN

Pupils prepared for Conservatory and Collegiate Exams. in music.

Class open Sept. 19th for Fall term.

Pictures From Pebbles.

We may one day have the walls of even our cheapest houses covered by exquisite tapestries instead of ordinary wallpapers. But it will not be the tapestry of King Louis' time; it will be a new form of art, invented by Mrs. Helena May Smith.

Mrs. Smith makes mosaic rock pictures from fine sands screened through silk, and when the sand is applied to a base of wet concrete it has the general appearance of very fine tapestry. Her first mosaic picture, a landscape, was finished some months ago. Her later productions include still life and animal and desert scenes.

Mrs. Smith and her husband, who is a musician, discovered about two years ago that the stones and pebbles which accumulate in the valley of the Little Colorado, and are of vari-colored and vivid hues, could be pulverised to yield more than a hundred shades of fine sand. Experiments with the sands and wet concrete led to the production of the rock pictures.

A Mussolini Story.

The following amusing story appears in the British Lion, the official organ of the British Fascists: The other day Mussolini picked up the handkerchief of the King of Italy and handed it back to him. The king said earnestly: "I thank your Excellency with all my heart."

Mussolini, surprised, replied: "But, your Majesty, I have done nothing to merit such thanks."

"Oh, yes, you have," said the king. "Your excellency does not realise the importance of your action. You have just restored to me the only thing I have in this world into which I can still put my nose."

Heaviest Man in England.

George Lovatt, of Dudley, who weighs 504 pounds, claims to be the heaviest man in England. He wears a 22-inch collar. He is so fat that he cannot travel in an omnibus, a tramcar, or a taxicab, and rides about in a specially-built float. When he stepped into a hansom cab some time ago the bottom fell out. Lovatt's little nephew wears a suit made from one of Lovatt's waistcoats.

A Short War.

The shortest war war that declared by the Sultan of Zanzibar against Great Britain in 1893; it lasted forty minutes.

Kenneth.

Kenneth is from the Gaelic, meaning a leader, a commander.

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Celio-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

FLINTON SCHOOL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1927

One quart O. A. C. No. 144 Oats —Bryden Lowry.

Sheaf of Oats—Donald Baskey, Demose Beasley, Ward Lloyd, Bryden Lowry.

Quart of Barley, O.A.C. No. 21 —Norman Allport.

Sheaf of Barley—Donald Baskey, Norman Allport.

Quart of Marquis Wheat—Alice Allport.

Sheaf of Wheat—Alice Allport, Lorne Jerome.

Golden Glow Corn—Bryden Lowry, Demose Bosley, Clayton Lessard, Stafford Lessard.

Golden Bantam Corn — Ina Champagne, Ray Wagar, Donald York, Helen Lessard, Earl Davison, Elwin Yanch.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—Donald Vanness, Adam Lyon, Harold Yanch, Ina Champagne, Henry Wagar, Kenneth Champagne.

Dooley Potatoes — Yvonne Yanch, Percy Judge, Stafford Yanch, Oscar McDonald, Jack Sedore, Clayton Jerome.

Mangels—Norman Allport, Jas. Pringle, Adam Lyon, Ina Davison Mae Jerome.

Turnips—Veronica McDonald, Louise Wood, James Pringle.

Beets—Percy Lloyd, Mildred Champagne, Grace Wagar, Donald York, Bobby Davison, Almonte Yanch.

Carrots—Kenneth Champagne, Reta Lessard, Ruth Sedore, Ora York, Grace Beatty, Earl Davison.

Parsnips—Almonte Yanch, L. Wood.

Onions—Ivan Lloyd, Grace Wagar, Reta Lessard, Mildred Champagne.

Asters—Ora York, Reta Lessard, Kenneth Clark, Jack Sedore, Angie Beatty.

Sweet Peas—Ina Champagne, Velva Thompson, Ora York, N. Wood.

Zinnia—Helen Lessard, Olive Spencer, Hilda York.

African Marigold—E. Yanch, Alice Forbes.

Calendula—May Jerome, Merritta Wood, Donald York.

French Marigold—Yvonne Yanch, Lionel Lloyd.

Corcopsis—Bryden Lowry, Ina Davison.

Phlox—Earl Davison, Sarah Lwry, Hillier Thompson.

Snow Apples—Powell Baskey.

Wealthy Apples—Sarah Lowry, Ora York.

Collection of Apples— Grace Wagar, Sarah Lowry, Norma Wood.

Spring Colt, heavy — Bryden Lowry, Donald Baskey.

Calf, dairy breed—Donald Baskey, Lois Campbell, Adam Lyons, Demos Bosley, Percy Juby, Donald Freeburn, Earl Davison.

Spring Lamb—Lois Campbell.

Barred Rock Cockerel— Lois Campbell, Ora York, Hilda York.

Barred Rock Pullet — Lois Campbell, Ina Davison, Hilda York, Ora York.

Pen of Barred Rocks — Ina Davison, Lois Campbell, Ora oYrk, James Pringle.

Bird House—Harod York, Earl Davison.

Hammer Handle—Harold York, James Beatty.

Milk Stool—Kenneth Clark, H. York, Donald Baskey.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Ina Champagne, Elwin Yanch, Norma Wood, Ruth Sedore.

Collection of cultivated grasses and clovers—Norma Wood, Ruth Sedore.

Cuts of Live Stock—Harold Yanch, Ruth Sedore, Norma Wood Ina Champagne, Ora York, Bryden Lowry.

Six snapshots, mounted—Ina Davison, Harold Yanch, Ora York, Harold York, Bryden Lowry, Lois Campbell.

Oatmeal Cookies — Bernice Baskey, Helen Lessard.

Layer Cake, light—Lina Benny Reta Lessard, Patricia Baskey, R. Sedore, Ina Champagne, Lois Campbell.

Apple Pie—Patricia Baskey, Ina Davison, Sarah Lowry, Ruth Sedore, Yvonne Yanch, Ina Champagne.

Candy — Helen Lessard, Ina Davison, Lela Sedore, Ora York, Annie Beatty, Yvonne Yanch.

Dish Towel hand hemmed— Olive Spencer, Yvonne Yanch, V. Thompson.

Guest Towel, hemstitched, with embroidered initial—S. Lowry, Ina Davison, Norma Wood, Ora York.

Kitchen Apron—Ruth Sedore, Ora York, Sarah Lowry, Ina Davison, Lela Sedore, Norma Wood.

Darning on Stocking—Norma Wod, Sarah Lowry, Yvonne Yanch Ina Champagne, Hilda York.

Writing, "The Dandelion—C. Beem, Reta Vanness, Evelyn Campbell, Leslie Lloyd, Willie Andrews, Ray Spicer.

Writing, "Listen to the Rain" —Hazel Beatty, Percy Lloyd, A. Beatty, Fred Berry, Janet Freeburn, Veronica McDonald.

Writing, "Bob White"—Alice Forbes, Elma Beatty, Olive Spencer, Olive Spicer, Clayton Lloyd, Norma Wood.

Writing, "My Native Land"— Tressie Atkins, Eva Andrew, Lela Sedore, Lois Campbell.

Crayon drawing of flower—E. Thompson, Douglas Thompson, John Beatty, Evelyn Campbell, J. Beatty, Willie Andrew.

Crayon Drawing, Autumn Scene —Veronica McDonald Janet Freeburn.

Roster advertising school fair —Lois Campbell, Eva Andrew, N. Wood.

Collection of three art specimens—Lois Campbell, Tressie Atkins.

Public Speaking Contest—Merrick Newton, Harold Yanch.

Solo—Reta Lessard, Ora York.

Stock Judging Contest—Ina Champagne, Patricia Baskey, D. York, Clayton Lloyd, Percy Lloyd, Harold Yanch.

School Parade—S. S. No. 2 and S. S. No. 11, tied ; S. S. No. 3.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 2—Ora York.
S. S. No. 3—Norman Allport.
S. S. No .4—Norma Wood.
S. S .No. 8—Tressie Atkins.
S. S .No. 11—Lois Campbell.

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Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Ostrich's Mixed Menu.

The ostrich is famous for its complete indifference to the usual rules of diet and digestion, but one that died at the London Zoo recently went farther than most of its kind. A four-inch nail that pestorated its interior caused its downfall.

Not content with nails, it had tackled three shngle gloves, an empty film spool, three feet of thick string, three handkerchiefs, four half-pennies, two farthings and a French coin, a key, a glove fastener, and a piece of wood four inches long.

Four inches of led pencil, part of a celluloid comb, part of a rolled gold necklace, a collar stud, a bicycle tyre valve, a dozen bits of wire, metal staples, screws, small nails and copper rivets, besides another four-inch nail and gravel and granite chippings completed the assortment.

The Largest Shell-Fish.

On the South Sea Islands there lives the largest shell-fish in the world. Its shell is frequently a foot or more in diameter. If one accidentally puts his foot on the creature when the shell is open, the shell will snap shut, and it is said that men have been held in this way until the tide rose and drowned them.

Doctors Are Few.

In China there is only one qualified doctor to every 740,000 inhabitants. In Britain the proportion is one to 1,400.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. *The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cured for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory, etc. 6 per box, or two for $2.50, or 3 for $3.75. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of price. A New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.*

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Plumbing, Furnace Work, and Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

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